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The Saturday Review of Literature

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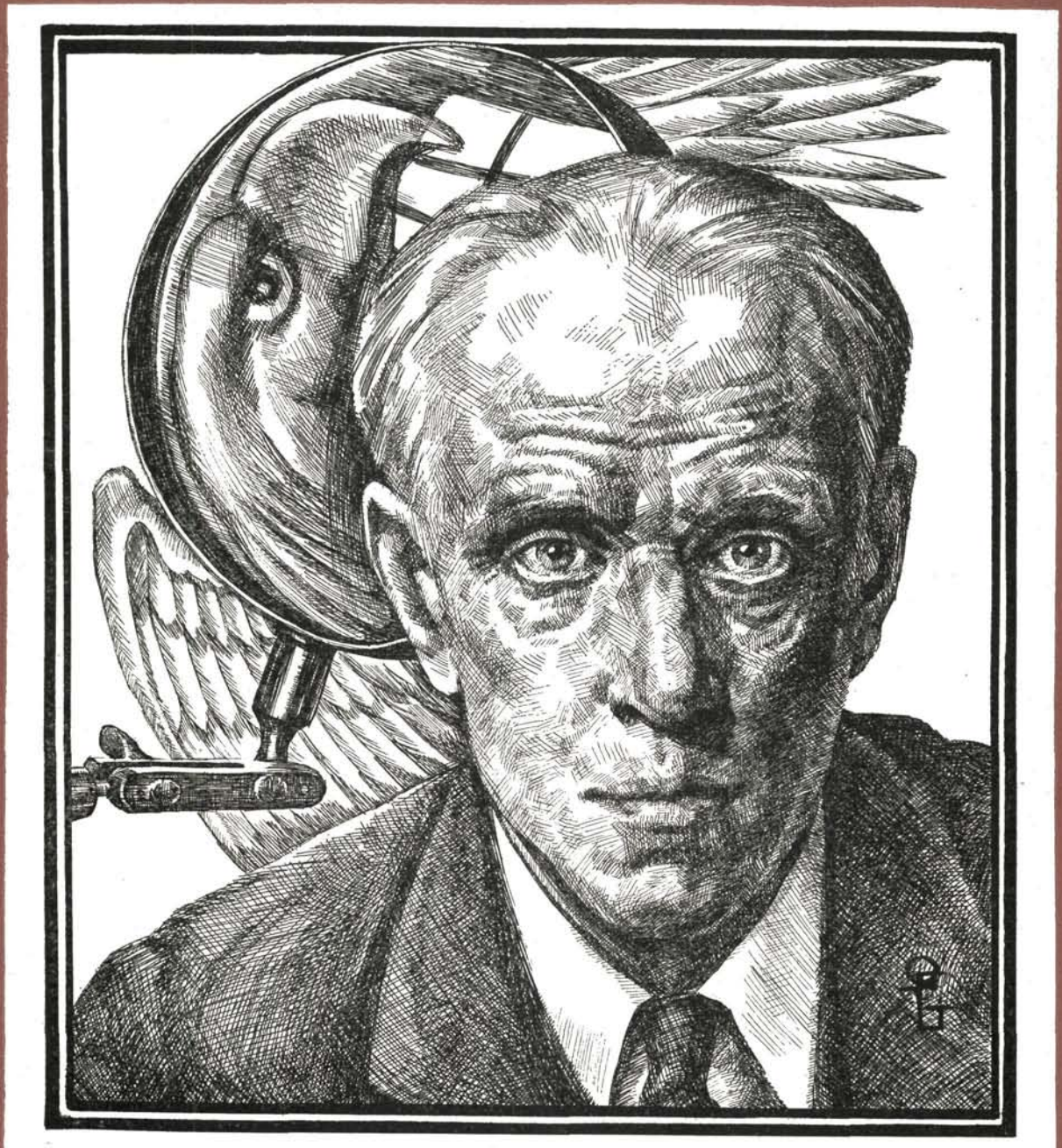

Sinclair Lewis, author of "Cass Timberlane." *(See page 8)*

What Did Darwin Really Say?

BY A. G. KELLER

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JEWS, CATHOLICS, NEGROES, AND THE MEDICAL COLLEGES

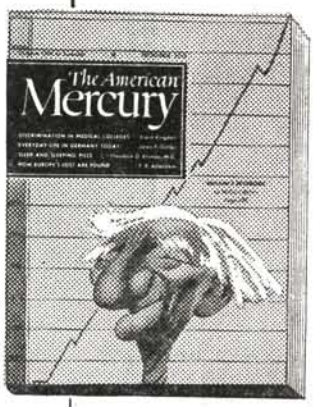
We were advised and cautioned not to print this article. It would rub too many people the wrong way. The survey on which it was based has already stirred up a hornet's nest. But we can't neglect or ignore the subject. When schools like Harvard, Cornell, Yale, Johns Hopkins, Columbia deny to youths the right to become doctors—not on grounds of scholarship, character, personality and other criteria of fitness—but solely on grounds of race and creed, the public ought to know the facts. The matter is long past due for an airing, not only on the score of fair play to minorities, but also for the future welfare of the medical profession. Read "Discrimination in Medical Colleges" by Frank Kingdon, in the October AMERICAN MERCURY.

SLEEP AND SLEEPING PILLS

The nerve strain of war and its aftermath have destroyed sleep. Four million sleeping pills are consumed each day. We read of suicides and accidental deaths ascribed to overdoses. Legislation against the pills is being debated. What is the truth? What makes us sleep? What keeps us awake? Can sleeplessness be overcome without pills? Just how dangerous are the pills? Dr. Theodore G. Klumpp presents all aspects of the problem, and corrects much popular misinformation, in "Sleep and Sleeping Pills."

THE AMERICAN MERCURY—for October—NOW ON SALE

What are the Germans like today after five months of defeat? What are they thinking, doing, planning? An O.W.I. official just returned tells you in *Everyday Life in Germany Today*... Your radio may soon "print" your morning newspaper in your own home while you sleep. Read about a sure-to-come development that can revolutionize newspaper publishing, in *The Facsimile Newspaper*... Everybody has heard about the "Beveridge Plan," but few Americans know the fascinating story of its author. William Bayles, noted correspondent, has sketched a dynamic, on-the-scene profile of *Britain's Beveridge*... How would you like to be a Russian official in Washington, beset by spies and informers, with every aspect of your private life strictly supervised? Read *The Life of a Soviet Official Abroad*, by Victor Kravchenko... How can Hitler's concentration camp victims find their American relatives? How can Americans trace their desolate families uprooted in the old country? Read *How Europe's Lost Are Found*... Many other articles in the October issue offer rare reading pleasure, including the regular MERCURY features—*The Library*, the *Check List*, the *Open Forum*, several poems, and a distinguished short story.



A Prophecy Hitler Didn't Like

Recently a friendly reader sent us a clipping from the New York *Times* from way back in 1934. The headline said: "Reich Bans THE MERCURY." It was news to be banned in those days. Later, of course, it became almost disrespectable not to be banned. Our offense was in an article entitled *Germany Sinks Into Slavery*, by S. Miles Bouton, which contained this prophecy: "The Nazi leaders declare that their Third Reich will endure 'forever.' If history has any meaning and if all human experience is not a lie, they are mistaken by a good many millennia. The end will come sooner than a horrified civilization... as yet dares to hope. The only thing uncertain is whether the end will come through revolution or through war. If it be war, that will also be the end of Germany." Think back. That was a daring phophecy in 1934.

The New York Times
June 30, 1934

REICH BANS THE MERCURY.

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of Article by S. M. Bouton.

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S. Miles Bouton, an American

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***Listen to* "MEET THE PRESS"**—*The American Mercury radio program over the Mutual network, Friday, October 5, at 10:30 P.M., E.S.T. Eric Johnston holds a press conference on the relations between capital and labor.*

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Is she a murderess—

or an innocent victim?

ERLE STANLEY GARDNER'S

famous lawyer sleuth, PERRY MASON

has to find out and his pursuit of a too-ingenious murderer winds up in a thrilling court-room battle.

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THE CASE OF THE HALF-WAKENED WIFE

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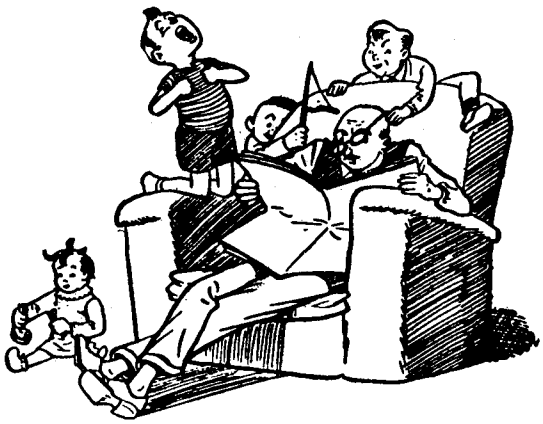


Па́па кепт кам Papa kept calm

RESPONSE to a book usually begins well before publication, when the first copies are distributed among the members of our own staff. The other day, shortly after a little book called TALKING RUSSIAN BEFORE YOU KNOW IT came from the bindery, we happened upon a merry scene in one of the stretches of desk area we call the bullpen. About six of our willing workers were reading aloud such unrelated declarations as PLEASE TEASE THE FLEAS and LIZZY IS DIZZY and, elaborating further, DIZZY LIZZY IS BUSY. This may not seem even remotely funny to you, but it turned out that their amusement sprang largely from the fact that they felt it odd to be learning a new and horrifyingly difficult language by mouthing sounds that make nonsense.

The author of this unorthodox book is a young philologist named Morris H. Swadesh whose main interest is in the recent developments in easy and quick ways of learning languages. He is with the Army, somewhere in Burma, and his work during the war years has been teaching rapid language courses to men in the services. He was so enthusiastic about the Army's success with Russian that he wrote a little book, got a young cartoonist to illustrate it, and left it in our hands before he embarked for the war areas over a year ago. Now it is ready for a public who, we think, might be convinced from his first page that Russian isn't really so hard to learn.

His contention is that the bugaboo about Russian is the alphabet. To master it he has the reader start by reading and writing English words and sentences spelled out in Russian characters. You begin with the three letters that have exactly the same shape and sound as English letters except that the small letters are made like our capitals.

Мм = m **Кк = k** **Тт = t**

Now here are three letters which are easy to learn which together spell out "deep".

Дд = d **Ии = ee** **Пп = p**

дип = deep

Now here are several English words spelled out in Russian letters; read them aloud from the Russian letters. And note in passing that Russian pronunciation does not distinguish between the sounds in the words "deep" and "dip". Which is why, when a Russian speaks English, he is likely to say "deep" for both words

дип	**deep *or* dip**
дид	**deed *or* did**
дим	**deem *or* dim**
ит	**eat *or* it**
кид	**keyed *or* kid**
тим	**team *or* Tim**
ми	**me**
ти	**tea**
мит	**meet, meat *or* mitt**

Well, that is on page 4. By the time you get to the bottom of page 5 you have learned more letters to be able to read this:

Ли́зи из ди́зи **Lizzie is dizzy**

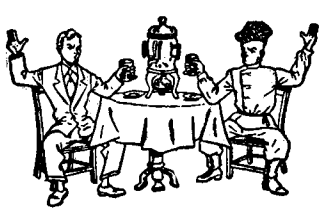
Chapter 1 teaches you fifteen of the thirty-two letters of the Russian alphabet, and now you can already begin to read and say something in the language. You begin with words that resemble English; sticking to the most essential words and expressions you can learn enough in a few hours to find your way around, order a meal, buy things, or pass the time of day with Russians. Naturally, you won't be able to express yourself fully on all subjects, but you can be fluent in many everyday situations and you will have a good start toward learning as much Russian as time and interest will allow. If you study by yourself, you will end up speaking Russian with an American accent. Don't let this stop you, the author advises, because the Russians will understand you anyway. One of the ways to learn to pronounce like a native is by imitation. Listen to Russians and then mimic them. If you try to imitate the way they talk English, you will find it helpful.

Lieutenant Swadesh's sound pedagogy is based on the acknowledged fact that you don't have to know the grammar and half the dictionary of a language before you start to speak it. It has worked in the Army, and it is even beginning to work in a small way in our office. By the time we reach the end of the book on page 134 we expect to be able to understand what this friendly author says in his last line:

"However far you go with your Russian," . . .

"Всего́ хоро́шего!"

Talking Russian



BEFORE YOU KNOW IT

by Morris H. Swadesh

Illustrated, $1.75

HENRY HOLT & COMPANY
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The Saturday Review of Literature

What Did Darwin Really Say?

A Scientist Who "Never Concealed Anything That Disturbed Him"

A. G. KELLER

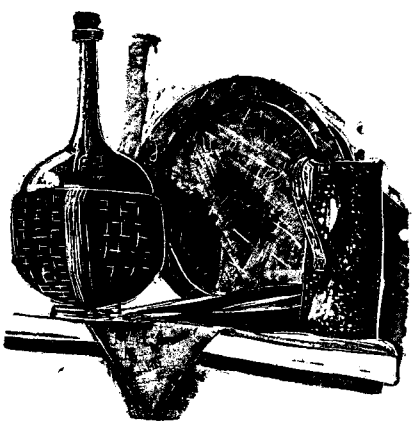
A CHARACTER in a once-popular novel was characterized in these words: "The very affix 'ism' repelled him, for he was as little of an ismic nature as other men were nothing else."

"Isms" belong to philosophy and theology, not to science. "Darwinism" has become the name for a penumbra of loose thinking surrounding a central misapprehension that eclipses the face of truth. And the misrepresentation is the more obscuring when the adjective "social" is prefixed: for "Social Darwinism" is a bugle-call to all those to whom "reasoning from analogy" and the promiscuous pasting on of labels furnish cheap substitutes for genuine thought.

Some time ago, the name of Darwin used to be uttered under the breath, along with Voltaire, Tom Paine, Robert Ingersoll, and other such sons of Beelzebub. That primitive precaution against unwittingly summoning the Evil One has pretty much passed away except in backward communities; but there are still gusts of gabble charging Darwin, of all men, with responsibility for a number of repulsive social phenomena: militarism, class-hostility, atheism, laissez-faire, indifference to ideals, to humanitariasm, to uplift, to morals, to esthetics, and so on. Darwin himself writes:* "What a foolish idea seems to prevail in Germany on the connection between Socialism and Evolution through Natural Selection." For an "ism" always rests upon some major premise from which can be spun out by agreeable deduction anything whatsoever that has been packed into it beforehand by the wish that is the father to the thought.

Anyone who knows Darwin at all knows that he had no doctrinal axe to grind. According to at least a pair of his contemporaries who were doubtful about his theory, he was a man who "cares for nothing except the truth," who "never conceals anything that disturbs him" as not fitting into his theory. The trouble with "Darwinists" is that they have but vague realization as to what Darwin was after, how he pursued it, and just what he actually came out with. What he started after was the species-question; his course was inductive; and what he arrived at was an explanation of organic adjustment. There are, in "The Origin of Species," only two or three references to Homo. Incidentally, the accusation that Darwin demeaned Man the Master, when he eventually got to him, by applying to his case ignoble conclusions out of the study of "lower" organisms is historically untrue. He caught his keystone idea from Malthus, who dealt with man, developed it through two decades of unremitting study of plants and animals, and carried it back, after another decade, in "The Descent of Man" to Homo.

AS to Darwin's method, it can be said, in a word, that it has been to genuine scientists a model of integrity. But most of the enemies and also of the unintelligent friends of evolution have been as unable as W. J. Bryan himself to distinguish between an hypothesis based upon induction from masses of verified facts of observation and a guess, happy thought, hunch, intuition, or revelation. In ignorance of Darwin's more than two score years of toil in the collection of his array of facts, his patient search as to their meaning, his correction and re-correction of tentative conclusions from them, and his long postponement of publication, they have degraded his hypothesis into an "ism," or doctrine, to be capered about in joy or rage, and dialectically mangled.



What "Darwinism" means to the unintelligent friend or enemy is: "the monkey theory"; "Nature red of tooth and claw"; progress (toward what looks good) or retrogression (toward what happens to look bad); the survival of the fittest (if so self-regarded) or the "unjust" damnation of those misjudged to be unfit (if the complainer and his like are not getting along so well). Science is viewed as but another "ism," to be confronted with already existing dogmas. It is against such abuse that the orthodox Catholic, Pasteur, protested: "There is here no question of religion, philosophy, atheism, materialism, or spiritualism. I might even add that they do not matter to me as a scientist. It is a question of fact."

Here is the kind of injury that the ascription of an "ism" can inflict upon a scientific principle that has been worked out with intense and protracted labor from lowly, "materialistic" facts—from the ground upward, not rained from insubstantial cloud-banks downward. The chief corrective that most Darwinists need is an intimate acquaintance, through honest study and also some little practice, with Darwin's scientific attitude and methods. Then they might become able to distinguish between science and ismic perversions of it.

What Darwin actually came out with is something that his friends, as well as his enemies, have regularly misapprehended. "The Origin of Species" was an answer to the question that challenged the young Darwin; but that answer was no more than a corollary to the main evolution theory. Nor was the "Descent

*F. Darwin, "Life and Letters of Charles Darwin," II, 418.

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theory," a title favored by many Germans; also "Natural Selection"—to make no mention of vulgar references to "The Monkey Theory" and other derogatory labels. Romanes,* so far as I know, was the first to point out, some half-century ago, that the evolution theory accounts for *adaptations* in all organic nature, "whether they have to do with species or not."

What Darwin emerged with was the first scientific explanation of that automatic adjustment of life to life-conditions (environment) which had been observed and wondered at for centuries. To call an acceptation of that explanation "Darwinism" is as grotesque as to entitle the calculus "Newtonism" or "Leibnitzism," or a seamstress a "Howeist." No scientific discoverer is after a cosmic formula that shall account for everything, even prescribing an ethic. Darwin stated, with his inveterate honesty, that his theory could not explain everything. He advised anyone who felt that he must reject an explanation that could not do that, even though it could account for a good deal previously inexplicable except on some supernatural basis, not to go farther with the reading of the "Origin."

HE felt no temptation to philosophize, as did Spencer. He wondered at the swift and agile mind of Spencer, knowing that his own was not of that type at all. Though impressed, he followed only afar off what Huxley called "Spencer's diabolical dialectics." The following extracts from Darwin's letters shed as much light upon the writer's qualities of mind as on Spencer's:

> I feel rather mean when I read him: I could bear, and rather enjoy feeling that he was twice as ingenious and clever as myself, but when I feel that he is about a dozen times my superior, even in the master art of wriggling, I feel aggrieved. If he had trained himself to observe more, even if at the expense, by the law of balancement, of some loss of thinking power, he would have been a wonderful man. . . . I suspect that hereafter he will be looked at as by far the greatest living philosopher in England; perhaps equal to any that have lived. But I find my mind is so fixed by the inductive method, that I cannot appreciate deductive reasoning: I must begin with a good body of facts and not from a principle (in which I always suspect some fallacy) and then as much deduction as you please. This may be very narrow-minded; but the result is that such parts of H. Spencer as I have read with care impress my mind with the idea of his inexhaustible wealth of suggestion, but never convince me; and so I find it with some others. I believe the

*"Darwin and After Darwin," II, 76.

> cause to lie in the frequency with which I have found first-formed theories [to be] erroneous.

The upshot of this matter is that Darwin was a straight scientist and, as such, allergic to the "diabolical" in Spencer. It is true that he was induced to step out of character in one deplorable instance, as will be seen; and some half-wits might grasp at the banality that "the exception proves the rule." It never does; but it never disproves it, either. Darwin has become the model scientist much as Peter, despite several slips, has become the Rock upon which a Church was built.

What Darwin came out with was an Adjustment Theory. Other designations for it are envisagements of side-issues, corollaries, *partes pro toto*. Such alternative names do no harm, so long as they are not "ismic." They are slants at a central truth, not distortions of it.

What warped the evolution theory "ismic"-wise was mainly the snaky, and sometimes sneaky, "argument from analogy"; and the arguers' chief interest was to pull the theory over into the social range, so as to erect upon what they assumed it to be a pretentious set of deductions that came to be known as "Social Darwinism."

There is all the difference in the world between "Social (better, Societal) Evolution" and "Social Darwinism"; the former is a science, though perhaps only *in posse*, the latter is not and has no prospect of ever so becoming. The former is in possession of an inductively revealed impersonal law; the latter specializes in subjective opinions about conceptions taken to constitute an "ism" attributable to an individual and attachable to his proper name.

He who pursues social evolution, as distinguished from Social Darwinism, has noted the all-pervading presence of adjustment; and he wants to know the why and how of it. All the leading he has had, prior to Darwin's demonstration in the organic range, has been theological and poetical; but along comes a man who has explained how it came about, to the general satisfaction of colleagues within the biological range. That feat is worth looking into.

Darwin found three factors at work in the production of adjustment: variation, selection, and heredity—which are, in plain language, differentiation, elimination, and persistence. But these factors are no strangers in the so-called superorganic domain: variations in all social phenomena; unceasing elimination of numbers of them; transmission of those that remain. What of it that variation in mores and institutions is not resident in the germ-plasm? It is still difference. What if elimination is not by direct competition between mores, but between their adherents? What if transmission is by way of the eye and ear, and not of the reproductive system? Variation is variation, selection selection, transmission transmission. There is identity here, not analogy. Identical factors, working in different media to the same result: adaptation or adjustment. Addition is still addition, whether it is of toes or taxes. One addition is not *like* another; both *are* additions together.

It might be useful to distinguish between a Darwinian and a Darwinist. The former accepts and tries his best to live up to the attitude and methods exemplified by Darwin as a model of what a scientist in any range ought to be, but always realizing that the social range is not the organic, even though man is an animal. He is an honest-to-God scientist, no matter what his field. If it is the social domain, then he is a social scientist; and if he works on social adjustments, then he is a social scientist, whether or not he agrees with any special conclusions of Darwin or anyone else. It is merely owing to the inadequacy of language that he is an "ist" (scient*ist*) at all. Darwin pulled out of common speech three terms for his adjustment-producing factors. His work on them lent them a technical meaning in their reference to the organic world. The social scientist can duplicate that feat, in the same natural and unpretentious way, without becoming the disciple of any "ism" by entangling himself with the least analogizing.

THE "reasoner for analogy" is a bird of another color and appetite. And his cravings are more often dictated by his personal likes and dislikes than by his hunger for scientific truth. That is why he picks this or that morsel out of Darwin's dish with his analogical fork and names it after the author, and the author after it, and himself after the author—unless, of course, he finds it not to his taste, in which case he becomes an enemy to the author instead of a faithful, even if unintelligent "ist." Analogy is a rather defective picking device, in any case; it is too apt to crumple up, even in the spearing up of what looks soft.

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It has always seemed to me that Spencer was the file-leader in this analogical perversion. Every student of Spencer knows how that great man got himself tangled up in his "biologic analogy"—to the extent that he let a chapter* get by with the title "Society Is an Organism." He was always laying a course, throughout his "Synthetic Philosophy," toward his "Principles of Ethics," which should demonstrate what behavior ought to be. His progress-suggesting phrase, "the survival of the fittest," adopted by the impressed Darwin, largely took the place of "natural selection," emphasizing the positive survival of the fitter over the negative non-survival of the defective. Spencer certainly contributed to the popular confusion of evolution with progress, whereas it is merely adjustment that may look like either progress or retrogression according solely to the viewpoint of the observer. And Spencer was the popular exponent of evolution in his day. He was a nimble expositor where Darwin was slow, often lumbering in what he called his "uncouth" style, despite his desperate struggle to attain clarity, no debater at all, averse to controversy, diffidently silent under misrepresentation, rather defenseless except for his "bull-dog," the belligerent Huxley.

There are those of us who can look back on a lifetime of respect and honor for Spencer; for he accomplished notable feats under the severest handicaps. When he was forced, in his "Principles of Sociology," he buckled down to fact collection and induction and put a new discipline on its feet. Nevertheless, one cannot follow him in a number of his brilliant forays, or trust him out of hand. He was considerably injured by the curse of versatility.

It is, in the main, the "argument from analogy" that has seduced the Social Darwinists. In the body of his chapter headed "Society Is an Organism," and elsewhere, Spencer uneasily hedges in the direction of: "Society is *like* an organism," which is true enough as a metaphor, and very striking in its working out. There is no question about the efficacy of analogy in the exposition of a pre-selected position. Consider the Parables of Scripture or the Lincolnian stories. But it is a slippery expedient and has never discovered or proved anything.

As a young man, I listened dutifully to a learned pow-wow of my elders, in session assembled to consider the topic of "Social Darwinism." I viewed what seemed to me to be a hose-spray of whirling analogies, with no nozzles to confine the stream into anything resembling a shape. Probably all these seniors who took their turns at the hose would have professed themselves evolutionists. What Darwin suffered in the case was a benevolent betrayal in the house of professed friends. The injury involved is not explainable by "an enemy hath done this," but resides in the warping of "evolution" into "Darwinism" by wishful twitchings to make the evolution theory cover, dignify, and bedizen a set of pet social "ideologies." A parallel perversion is the use of scientific terms, such as "experiment" (the "noble experiment;" the stab in the dark with the bug-light of the bright idea), or the talk about the identity of religious and scientific "faith"—operations that Andrew White generalized as "confiscation of science" to alien uses.

As has been intimated, Darwin himself was not altogether blameless for this "ism" infection, through stepping out of character, opening his guard, and attempting, because he thought he must, something outside his competence. This was in "The Descent of Man," chapters IV and V, wherein he presented to the "ismics" a handle which they have never ceased to twirl. In the "Origin" he kept off of Homo, except in a couple of sentences which he interpolated to forestall the charge that he had concealed his views. But indiscreetly enthusiastic adherents of his general theory of organic evolution began at once to analogize with the result of misrepresentation, so that he felt increasing pressure, from scientific friends as well as from the situation in general, to make his own statement.

He was reluctant to do this, and held back till 1869.* But he had amassed much evidence on man as an organism. The chapters in "The Descent" that constitute induction from such data are characteristically Darwinian. It was where he undertook to deal with morals that he opened himself to the "ismics." He was painfully aware of his lack of the facts. When he ran, at length, into Tylor's "Primitive Culture,"** he realized that he had glimpsed "a new point of view. . . . I earnestly hope that you may be induced to treat morals in the same enlarged yet careful manner, as you have animism." When he had caught sight of Tylor's work, he recognized it instantly as true science. Before that he had confessed to Morley about the morality-matter: * "I felt that I was walking on a path unknown to me and full of pitfalls; but I had the advantage of previous discussions by able men." So he relied, in default of the kind of evidence he was used to, and had not, upon "discussions" by men of a different stamp from himself, who could outjuggle him dialectically about as bewilderingly as did Spencer.

Even Huxley, in his essay on "Evolution and Ethics," proved not to be immune from the same temptation to speculate in the absence of sound evidence. It is to the high credit of Spencer that, invalid though he was, he managed to get together a massive "Descriptive Sociology," a kind of casebook, leaving funds in his will to finance its eventual publication when that bequest should have compounded to an adequate figure, as has recently occurred.

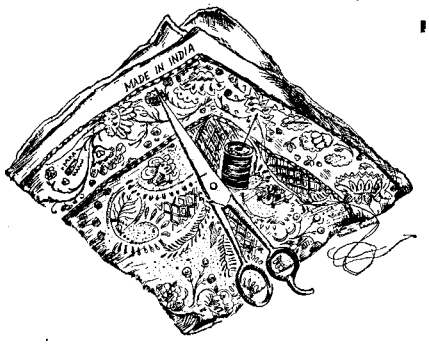
IT is particularly perilous to science when one of its outstanding champions falters, affording an opening to the unscrupulous enemy or to the emotional pseudo-scientist; for either one will pounce upon the least slip and make more of it than of a lifetime of sustained accomplishment. If anything whatever, no matter how insignificant, is capable of misrepresentation, it will be misrepresented. It is the spectacular error that is remembered, whether in baseball or in any other line. Even a little indiscreet phrase-making may eclipse a longstanding reputation for soundness of judgment. A famous scientist whom somebody was attempting to comfort by quoting: "Great is truth and it will prevail," countered with: "Great is misrepresentation and it will prevail."

Too much can be made of this slip, as I regard it, of Darwin's. It counts for nothing to me. In any case, Darwinism would have become the fungoid growth it is without it. But it enters the picture; was not without effect in nurturing the prefix "Social," and afforded no aid in the development of a true science within the social range.

Recently there has appeared a brief but thorough survey of what a number of writers have "Darwinistically" thought about this and that: opinions that are tied up in a bundle and labelled "Social Darwinism in American Thought, 1860-1915," by Richard Hofstadter. Many names are cited, from the Darwin and Spencer level, through Sumner, Ward, Giddings, and other "sociologists," to the Veblens and the Deweys. They are all denominated "Darwinists." But there are a few of

*"Principles of Sociology," I, pt. II, ch. II.

*"Letters," I, 76.
**"Letters," II, 331, date of Sept. 24, 1871.



*More "Letters," 1, 324, date of March 24, 1871.

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them who are not "ismics" at all, or "ists" except as verbal looseness has fathered terms such as "physicist" or "scientist." They are plain social evolutionists, not identifiable as such by the mere use of evolutionary phraseology, any more than a parson should be tagged as a gambler owing to his employment of terms like "bluff" or "showdown." For the evolution idea has so entered into men's vocabulary that even a Bryan can use it unconsciously—although it ought to be known that Bryan had actually risked salvation by looking into the "Origin" and "Descent," if only to extract out of their context certain passages deemed useful in his crusade. But such unconscious borrowings of evolutionary terminology are about as insignificant in the identification of the evolutionist as is the use of "saturnine" in spotting the disciple of astrology.

In accord with the distinction drawn in preceding paragraphs, I find a scattering of social scientists, as contrasted with Social Darwinists, on this Hofstadter roster—a very thorough and discriminating study of Social Darwinism as generally understood. But I cannot banish the conviction that there are some persons hopelessly allergic to "isms" and "ismics" who have been ushered into the wrong pew. I shall not attempt to classify, on any criterion, the many names cited, but only to suggest that there is a kind of generic difference between Messrs. A and B which is not taken into account in herding both into the same barracks, over the door of which is indited: "Social Darwinism Platoon."

To my mind, there is profound abyss between evolution and Darwinism: all the difference, in many respects, that exists between science and pseudo-science; between induction and that wishful deduction which snatches at the "argument from analogy" to lend an equivocal scientific support to private, subjective likes and dislikes. And so I regard "Social Darwinism" as a kind of gross monstrosity, begotten of no legitimate scientific parentage, and calculated to damage the prospects of any genuine science within the social range by generating an impression of muzziness, grotesquerie, and farce. The delusions of history have been "thought out" into "isms" by "ismics." Where we have truths that do not wabble or melt away when we try to stand on them, they have been established by such men as Darwin. Even if "Darwinist" meant a person who sought to exemplify the true scientific attitude and methods in his own range as Darwin did in his, there would be no call for the special capitalized term, for the generic appellation "scientist" is fully field. Further tagging is irrelevant and may be misleading.

Sinclair Lewis's New Thesis Novel

CASS TIMBERLANE. By Sinclair Lewis. New York: Random House. 1945. 390 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by MARY M. COLUM

SINCLAIR LEWIS'S books have rendered a diversity of service to America: they have helped Americans to know themselves and other countries to estimate what life in American towns is like. This is because, among other things, he has done a good job of reporting. No doubt we had general notions of what made up Main Street and what Babbitt stood for, but we did not really know until Sinclair Lewis's sharp characterization of people, places, things, and mores made them part of our consciousness.

There are a lot of people who only know about others from what they learn in books, especially novels, and from plays. Lewis did an appreciable service when his books started some Americans laughing at others and made it possible for people to realize that somebody else was a Main Streeter, an Arrowsmith, a Carol Kennicott; he made a present of a sense of sophistication to a part of the population. He never dug into life as profoundly as did Dreiser or, in their own way, Scott Fitzgerald or Willa Cather, but he told his readers the sort of things about other people that they could understand. Then, even when the personages of his books were boring as they often were, his swift satirical style, his expert descriptive journalism, were nearly always memorable and entertaining. Whatever else he could not do, he could describe. How alive he makes the house, Bergheim, in the present volume by the masterly use of the device of showing each room to the girl, Jinny Marshland—a device, to be sure, as old as Homer, the device of describing things through action, but done in a way that is Lewis's own! Then he is able to give a surprising intimacy to the judge's relation to the court room by showing that the chairs and tables were made in his father's furniture factory.

Sinclair Lewis's books are all well-documented in the Flaubertian manner, and his personages stand out as types as do Emma Bovary and Frederic Moreau. But with what a difference! Lewis gave very expertly, with great versimilitude, an exterior life to his people, but he gave them no insides; their interior life seemed nonexistent. Though they were all intelligent, they did not have much mentality or spiritual or intellectual interests. In the present book, instead of emotions the characters have exaggerated biological instincts and a bleak mania for getting on in the world. When, like Emma Bovary, the women commit adultery, they do not have behind it a dream of romantic love or anything at all but the inescapable desire of the flesh. None of the people of his books showed any religious feeling so that, when they came to die, they died as an animal dies, and not one of them could have had that vision that Tom Wolfe gave to Eugene Gant's dying father or the anointing of the wandering feet and eyes, of the lips "that had uttered lies, that had curled with pride and cried out in lewdness" that Flaubert gives to Emma Bovary on her death bed. The physical world, the material world suffices for all of them. They have never even in dreams considered any other.

Though "Cass Timberlane" has all of this novelist's faults—he creates types rather than individuals and his people have his interest only and not his sympathy—it is an ably written book. Like all of his books it is a thesis novel; this time the thesis is marriage and he is in dead earnest about it, showing us the marriage troubles not only of the two chief characters, but also of a great many others. As always he is satirical, and we, as always, are in the quandary of not knowing exactly when he is conscious of his own satire or its objective and when he is merely bamboozling himself or his personages are bamboozling themselves. Cass Timberlane, a judge in a middle-sized Middlewestern town, Grand Republic, bamboozles himself continually. In his early forties he takes as his second wife a young cutie, one Jinny Marshland, with whom he is as blindly infatuated as middle-aged men are supposed to be with young persons of the opposite sex. The relations of the two are different from those of the men and women in the other assemblages of marriages in the book in that the judge's attitude to his young wife is

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a mixture of sex infatuation and paternal devotion whereas the other husbands' is a combination of lust and filial devotion, a sort of an Oedipus complex. The author has one of his characters, Perry Claywheel, whose wife like the judge's commits adultery with the town Don Juan, wonder "if there is any country save America in which a large share of the men were frightened continuously of their own wives."

The wives may be said to be a shade more objectionable than the "wife-smothered" men (the adjective is the author's not the reviewer's), but all, male and female, are equally and devastatingly ignoble. The furnishings of their minds seem to have been taken exclusively from books on the order of "Sex and the Sane Life," "Married Love," and sundry tomes of that nature. Their ignobility, their sex obsession, their spiritual disorderliness is such that one is tempted to think that trying out the atom bomb in a New Mexican desert was a waste of good science and that it could with better results have been tried out on the town of Grand Republic, which the author assures us is just another name for Grand Rapids, Bangor, Phoenix, Scranton, and a whole list of American cities that the reader will find on page 67. On this page also we get the following piece of sociological information: "He that has never seen Duncan Browler (the husband of one of the three Quimber girls all of whose husbands behave similarly on a trip), elder of the Presbyterian church, standing in his cotton shorts, a lady telephone supervisor clasped in his right arm, a half tumbler of straight Dainty Darling Bourbon whiskey waving in his left hand, the while he sings 'It is time to go upstairs,' has only the shallowest notion of the variety of culture in our Grand Republic." The catch here is that the variety like the culture is nil and maybe Sinclair Lewis knows it.

We all call Sinclair Lewis a satirist, but what he really is is a caricaturist, and the difference between the two is not always easy to perceive because they continually overlap. The satirist is concerned with fundamental qualities while the caricaturist is more superficial, less aware. The author of the Main Street series never seems to be aware that what is the matter with his people is that they are adolescents and always will be, and that their lack of cultivation, of sensitivity, their sophistication about material things, the filial attitude of the men to their wives, are all simply an ugly juvenility.

The really direful thing about the community of Grand Republic is that it does not prepare for or even expect

any responsibility except an official or professional one so that the men and women never advance towards maturity. Sinclair Lewis himself is a man who knows about great art and literature, but when he tries to represent his people as reading poetry or knowing about music, he just cannot do it; he lays the kultur on from the outside, for these emotionless adolescents could never experience any art that came out of discipline or strong feeling. He does his best to make Judge Timberlane a high-class human being, intellectually, ethically and every other way, but all the virtues are willed by the author and do not seem inseparable from the character. When Cass Timberlane takes back to bed and board the cutie he married after she has been off with a lover for a while, his creator makes valiant attempts to give us the impression of a selfless love. But we can't help the feeling that he is a plain sissy, a slave to a foolish infatuation and not really, in spite of his poetry reading and playing of Purcell and ruminations on life, any more grown up than the rest of the assemblage. There is a scene where he and his forgiven Jinny go to a cocktail party given for the lover on his return visit to his native Grand Republic, that is plain undercivilized. The host, the town doctor, the confidant of the ladies in their love affairs, had requested the Timberlanes to let bygones be bygones and, incredibly, they did.

The men are physically male enough to carry on with all the sex they want, but they are psychically so unvirile as to be mannikins. The only character who is not a caricature is Jinny; the author has very nearly made of her a real person, but all the rest—men, women, and cats—are caricatures. It should be noted there are three cats in the story—I mean four-footed felines—which seem to have some symbolic significance not really clear to this reviewer: the first is a black kitten picked up by the judge and brought home to his housekeeper on the day he first met Jinny; the second is a crystal cat owned by Jinny herself, and the third is another black kitten, a descendant of the first, produced at the dinner table by the housekeeper when the erring wife is brought back. There is a lot of kitten phraseology used about Jinny—she is described as purring like a cat, moaning like a cat, curled in bed like a cat. Together with her diabetes, all this gives the impression of fragility and need to be taken care of.

In addition to the studies of the wives and husbands there are studies of two females who have got rid of husbands: one, Sabine Grossenwahn, who "succeeded in the new feminine career of lucratively divorcing her husband," built herself a handsome house which provided a place for herself and her friends to meet their lovers. There is a hearty business woman, Gillian Brown, who goes in heavily for lechery, drink, and a career all together, and who picks up street-walking men as a regular habit. Even more than the others these two are caricatures. All the characters live on a lower level than that on which ordinary human beings could survive and function. But for all this, "Cass Timberlane" is an able and even a brilliant book. Still it is hard to believe that it represents any characteristic American life. It has, however, helped to explain two things which have puzzled this reviewer: one, why the position of women in America is really the worst in any Western country, and secondly, why there is practically no love poetry in American literature.

Clouds

By Witter Bynner

BRIGHT-VEINED as lightning she was,
One touch of her would cleave the sky.
Anything that heaven does
Could happen when she came by.
She was buried winters ago:
The summer sky is heaped as if with snow.

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The Story of Taitou, Shantung

A CHINESE VILLAGE. By Martin C. Yang. New York: Columbia University Press. 1945. 249 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by EMILY HAHN

THIS book, by the very fact that it is a book instead of merely another doctor's thesis, is probably one of the most interesting publications of the decade. Mr. Yang has done an exhaustive job of ethnological research, but to dismiss his achievement with these big words is to do him a crying injustice. Never mind the word "research" if it worries you; "A Chinese Village" is good reading for anybody. It is the story of Taitou, a small village in Shantung Province, in the north of China, not far from Tsingtao.

Most of us at one time or another have come across the works of contemporary anthropologists, men from Cambridge or Yale or Oxford or Columbia who went out to foreign lands, talked to the natives of some chosen community, measured their skulls, recorded their dreams and their family customs, took a few photographs and came away again to publish their findings. Well, "A Chinese Village" isn't exactly that sort of work. Taitou is Mr. Yang's own village and so he was under no necessity to get acquainted with "the natives" before he started to work. The usual anthropologist, by the nature of his job, is apt to fall short of his own hopes in this respect. Mr. Yang already knows his village through and through, all the old wives' tales, the reasons they plant sweet-potatoes in Chen's field instead of peanuts, the sort of implements used in this particular portion of China, and why they are unlike implements used elsewhere. Mr. Yang knows wherein his village is like other villages and wherein—and why—it is not. To read him thoroughly is to know China better than any American has ever yet learned to know it through the printed page.

Most visitors to China are aware that the people of the North are charming in a special way. It is dangerous and unscientific to draw conclusions as to physical type in China; people who are hasty about this often come to grief. But Peking-dwellers still claim stubbornly that their Shantung men are taller, stronger, better-looking than the men of the South, and they feel a special fondness for Shantung. For this reason "A Chinese Village" will have an added appeal for the old China hands who remember Tsingtao affectionately.

Besides, "A Chinese Village" tells much more than the life of one little typical village of Shantung Province. Here in these rich pages are detailed accounts of the mysteries of *feng-sui,* the science of geomancy. Here is a story, from the inside, of a Chinese peasant's belief in his ancestors and their eternal life. Here is a cool, clear description of the stresses and strains of the Chinese family, that clan which is so much more intricate and important to its members than is our loosely-hung framework of relatives. We learn why the peasant is prejudiced in this direction, broad-minded in that. For anybody who reads this book it will be inexcusable hereafter to accept the foolish myths we have believed all these years of ignorance. "A Chinese Village" is as absorbing as any novel of Chinese life; for the person sincerely interested in China it is far better.

Above all, Mr. Yang is to be congratulated upon his English. Many an American-born scholar would have made of this work a scrambled, clumsily written piece of knowledge that only the most faithful could get the better of. Mr. Yang's style is so good that the reader remains unaware that he has a style. I can think of no more fervent praise, and it is more than a pleasant surprise that I find myself bestowing it upon a foreign-born writer.

Now that we have seen how it can be done, where is an American who can do the same thing for us, with a typical village of the United States?

Up from Bloomsbury's Studios

ISLAND OF THE INNOCENT. By Madelaine Kent. New York: Harper & Bros. 1945. 302 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

MISS KENT's "I Married a German," published in 1938, was written "to bring home the evils of the Nazi regime to the general public." Of course, she succeeded no better in her intention than did the many others who in those years tried to warn the general public against the troubles ahead. But her noble failure seems to have hurt her more deeply than most of those writers and newspapermen. This, her second full-length book, is again set against the background of appeasement—a milieu painted, this time, with all the satirical colors and shades hindsight affords. As it is, the story could stand on its own feet without benefit of any such background.

Although "Island of the Innocent" is far from being an altogether good novel, its basic plot is interesting, gratifying, and even poignant. On one of those trips to Germany which in England were the fashion not only among the fashionable in the early years of Hitler, Rose Tredinnick, "aged twenty-two and fresh from Cornwall," falls in love with Tom Cowell, a socialist free-lance writer of the flower-and-butterfly stripe. Her subsequent marriage takes her from her placid life as a small-town librarian to the bewildering bustle of Bloomsbury. Only gradually does the reader, as Rose herself, realize of what stuff Tom is made. His Oxford Union pacifism soon lends itself to the policies of a semi-fascist group fittingly represented by a swanky clique dabbling in philosophy, art, sex, and foreign affairs. Tom gets into trouble, loses his income, and wrecks his married life—not least by forcing Rose to accept the advice of one of their Bloomsbury friends and interrupt her pregnancy. Finally Tom leaves Rose, to stay with the very people who have corrupted what idealism he had and all but ruined Rose.

"You get the fancy stuff knocked out of you when you've seen as much of life as I 'ave," she is told by a Cockney woman as she is in the thick of it. And that is what Rose's development amounts to when she has graduated from Bloomsbury studios and Chelsea mews. Although it has been done before, the debunking of the phony intelligentsia through a healthy, decent girl makes a fine story. It is too bad Miss Kent wanted to do more and that she connected Rose's tale with the historic tragedy of British appeasement.

Miss Kent is at her best in dialogue; the repartee of her "intellectuals" sometimes reminds one of Marquand. In intertwining its different themes and episodes her novel is, however, much less satisfactory.

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The Morgenthau Plan for Germany

GERMANY IS OUR PROBLEM. By Henry Morgenthau, Jr. New York: Harper & Bros. 1945. 239 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by HANS KOHN

THERE is much talk about what to do with Germany but there are few concrete plans. Confusion prevails in the German occupation, largely because there are no clear-cut directives. Mr. Morgenthau's book supplies a plan and outlines directives without which the Allied task in the former enemy country could fail. Of course, Mr. Morgenthau cannot solve one difficulty of the German problem, the division of the country into zones of occupation with deep differences in political outlook among the occupying powers. But within this limitation Mr. Morgenthau's suggestions are valuable and make good sense.

It is not the task of the victor nations to punish the German people. Nor can it be their task to educate them. No foreigner can change the deep-rooted tendencies of a nation's mind. Outside interference can only create the conditions favorable to such a change. The task of the victors is to make further German aggression impossible, nothing more and nothing less. That they can do; that they must do not only in their own interests but in the interests of the German people themselves for whom a third attempt could only bring utter destruction. Total disarmament of the Germans is the inevitable prerequisite for the creation of a peaceful Germany. Mr. Morgenthau points the way to this disarmament.

Mr. Morgenthau believes that to disarm Germany in any real sense of the word is to remove the industries that would make rearmament possible. With heavy industries Germany can quickly convert to war even after complete military disarmament. Without metallurgical, chemical, and electrical industries, Germany cannot make war no matter how strong her aggressive will may be. Deprived of its indispensable instruments the will by necessity must change its aims. The factories taken from Germany would be rebuilt in other parts of Europe and thus constitute some reparation for damage done and help balance Europe better industrially. A strong Europe is better than a strong Germany for all concerned.

—*Knott in the* Dallas News
A Step Toward War Prevention.

Mr. Morgenthau rejects a policy designed to buttress Germany as a bulwark against Russia. He rightly points out that such a policy must fail. Historically, it was the very strength of Germany, the fear of a strong Germany, which brought Russia and her Western allies together—in 1891 France and Russia, in 1907 Britain and Russia, in 1941 America and Russia. A strong Germany was never a buttress against Russia, but the foundation of an alliance between Russia and the free peoples. If a "bulwark" was ever needed, it could be only the union of the free peoples; Germany as an anti-Russian smoke screen is a bogus issue. With regard to Germany we have to ask but one question: Do proposed measures strengthen Germany's war-making potential? It is the merit of Mr. Morgenthau's book that on the whole he concentrates his and our attention on this one fundamental issue.

Even after the war's destruction, Germany remains the genuine "have" country in industrial strength, her neighbors, even Britain, are the real "have-nots." The long-range welfare of Europe and the immediate needs of Germany demand a Germany of light industries and, above all, of intensive farm cultivation. Without heavy industry Germany has the manpower and acreage to feed her people. The Allies must complete the task of the destruction of Germany's war-making industries which the bombing hardly began with the thoroughness which will take no account of the momentary convenience of the occupying authorities.

In addition to the question of disarmament, Mr. Morganthau makes valuable suggestions on two other points. As regards German frontiers, he accepts the cession of East Prussia and Upper Silesia to Poland; he rejects the amputation of all the lands east of the Oder and Neisse, and he demands the transfer of the Saar to France and the internationalization of the Ruhr and neighboring districts.

—*Harris and Ewing*
Henry Morgenthau, Jr.'s "suggestions are valuable and make good sense."

A complete disarmament makes the division of Germany into several states superfluous. This disarmament can be carried through in a relatively short time. Then, Mr. Morgenthau insists, American troops should leave Germany, the routine policing of which should be left to our European allies whose soldiers could be kept in touch with their homes by frequent leaves. America would, of course, retain membership in all the commissions and technical staffs supervising Germany and thus share fully in the responsibilities of maintaining peace.

Sleep in Summer

By Louise E. Sweet

CALL sleep and beckon softly,
Drop lids upon the silent light of rooms,
Make dark the daylight hour.
Call sleep to nestle in the lap
Of nothingness. Lie in the lone
Canoe moored in the reeds, blotting
The blue sky with purple lidded dark.
Call sleep to muffle voices,
Dropping them behind upon the brown beach
As the voyageur sweeps out and running
With the wind leaves even the lapping waves
To follow smoothing and folding silently.
Call sleep within the room
And clasp the wordless breath
In folded arms. The palms are cool
And fingers are uncurled, and memory
Trembles in a dream and glides away;
The perch dart deep and water fronds
Of sleep reach gently with the current,
Wave softly with the breath, and end
In depth.

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Drifting on the Waters of Neurotica

WOMAN WITHOUT LOVE. By André Maurois. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1945. 230 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

JUDGED by the time devoted to the study and talk of sexual maladjustment and related phenomena, this problem has by now outgrown the clinical sphere and become a social question of sorts. M. Maurois has always been sincerely interested in the problem of twentieth-century sex relations, and his novel must be accepted as a serious attempt to dissect what appears to be a widespread neurosis. Whether it is sexual frigidity or the free talk about it which is the greater disease remains an open question.

According to students in the field, there are frigid women in every layer of society, and probably have always been. By setting his story against the background of France's *grande bourgeoisie,* M. Maurois, perhaps unintentionally, lends support to the idea that sexual maladjustment is merely a problem of the leisure class, and thereby narrows the importance of his novel. But the French *salon* (or its post-1918 approximation) is his normal environment, and whatever the drawbacks of his latest book may be, his familiarity with the milieu affords a number of delightful scenes of a France which may no longer exist.

The daughter of a colonel who has retired to a remote country estate, Claire Forgeaud is educated by her practical-minded mother and an English spinster governess. The wedding of a Paris cousin, living in far better circumstances than do Claire's own provincial family, brings the debutante into touch with a prospective husband. Given to romantic reading, dabbling in poetry, and her own dreamy notions about this thing called love, she is pleased with the idealistic views and the literary tastes of the young diplomat. But the First World War—which also kills Claire's gallant father—transforms and matures Claude, and a reëncounter with him leads to a bitter disappointment; for the first time Claire becomes conscious of that physical revulsion toward the embrace of men which is never to leave her.

In 1917 her cousin invites her to Paris again, and there she meets Albert Larraque, one of the enormously wealthy and successful "Americanized" industralists who seem to have become an obsession with some French novelists. After dispossessing Larraque's crafty mistress by her *ingénue* naivete, Claire marries the equally hardworking and pleasure-seeking mid-

dle-aged nabob—and things work out exactly as poorly as the reader expects them to do.

Up to this point nothing has impaired the reader's sympathy for the beautiful young woman so sorely warped in her reactions. In the fabulous comfort of her new surroundings, however, Claire becomes far less lovable and credible a character. It is almost unbelievable, indeed, that a well-read and apparently open-eyed young woman like her should, in the France of the twenties, give not a single thought to anything except her sexual frustrations and such hazy notions as still surround her longing for tenderness and human warmth. Claude's coldness toward her child will shock Americans; yet on that score she can be excused: the loose contacts between young mothers and the nursery is an old peculiarity of the French upper class.

While her husband is slowly drifting away from Claire and back to his bachelor ways, she herself tries to find satisfaction by establishing a literary salon. And there she meets Christian Ménétrier, an esoteric poet with whom she at once falls in love—or so she thinks. She forces herself to yield to his desire only to experience the long-familiar moments of disappointment over and over again. Nevertheless, she marries the poet after a double divorce and sets up house on the generosity of Albert Larraque. The growing embitterment of the couple constitutes the rest of the story. Christian's death and the proofs of a belated awakening of Claire's sense of responsibility amidst the disaster of France's collapse bring the novel to a close. Its technique, intermittently using the form of a "frank diary," is somewhat moth-eaten. And so in the end is the author's preoccupation with his precious and preciously unhappy heroine—and, perhaps, despite the daring frankness of many scenes and the book's semblance of "progressiveness," its subject as such.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

CHARACTERS AND WINDOWS

All of the characters in this week's quiz had something to do with windows. From the circumstances, as outlined below, can you identify them? Allowing 5 points for each one you can name, and another 5 for either the author who created him or the story in which he appears, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 39.

1. When an invading army fired on the flag that flew from her attic window, this ninety-year-old heroine snatched it from the broken staff and waved it in defiance.

2. Threatened with a dire curse if she looked out of her window, she contented herself with seeing the world reflected in a mirror, until one day a handsome knight rode into view.

3. While she was leaning out of her tower window to let her brother-in-law caress her long blonde hair, her husband came along.

4. Cheek in hand, she leaned out of her bedroom window and soliloquized about the young man she'd met that night at a ball given by her family.

5. To entertain a visiting stranger, this young girl used the happenstance that the French window was wide open as the foundation for a ghost story that frightened him out of the house.

6. This Transylvanian had the odd habit of emerging from a window and crawling head first down the castle wall on his nightly foraging for fresh meat.

7. While he was attempting to escape through the window of a nursery he had entered, the window was slammed shut so quickly that it cut off his shadow.

8. Returning home after seven years of being shipwrecked and marooned on a tropical isle, he saw through the window his wife and children in a happy domestic scene with the man who had replaced him.

9. One candle in the bedroom window of her chateau meant, to this cavalier watching from a neighboring farmhouse, that they would meet the next day; two, that her husband would remain at home.

10. To win a wager, this soldier sat on the outside of a sloping third-story window sill and, without holding to anything, drank off a whole bottle of rum.

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The Right to Have Scoundrels

LIBBY BENEDICT

WHENEVER someone with prejudices speaks up against a group, attacking Jews, Italians, or Negroes, there is usually someone else who comes up with a classic line of defense. "Look at Einstein!" "Look at Carver!" "Look at Toscanini!" "Of course Jews (or Italians, or Negroes) must be all right."

They mean well, these defenders. But their approach is wrong. Their approach is even bad. What a minority group wants is not the right to have geniuses among them, but the right to have fools and scoundrels—without being condemned as a group. Every group has about the same proportion of wrongdoers. But when wrongdoers belong to a minority their number is magnified in the minds of other people. Each individual wrongdoer is multiplied by the number of his whole group. Minorities would gladly give up the reflected glory of their great men, if only the world didn't burden them with the ignominy of their scoundrels. Both types belong to mankind as a whole, and mankind as a whole may share the sorrow as well as the honor.

Moreover, the presence of great men who represent a minority group does not prove that perfect equality prevails. Great men will out, over and above the handicap of discrimination, even of oppression. Such handicaps are just another hurdle, and geniuses soon become accustomed to high hurdles. The average member of a minority, with only moderate talents, may not do as well under unfair conditions as the genius. He may have to give up his ambition to be a doctor because he can't get into a medical school which keeps out—except for a few exceptions—students of certain religious origins. Or he may find scientific laboratories closed to him if his color is not right. But if his ambition is all-consuming, if he knows beyond all argument that his destiny lies in a certain direction, then it is likely that he will find his way in that direction. Unbreakable resolution is one of the characteristics of genius.

That doesn't make the lot of the man of average talents any better. And when the man of average talents is a member of a minority, he is doubly unfortunate. He doesn't benefit in any practical way from the geniuses who happen to be his brothers-in-blood. Yet, at the same time, he is harmed by those of his brothers-in-blood who happen to be scoundrels.

What minorities need, therefore, is the right to have a natural number of low-down rotters among them. The law of averages allows any group a certain percentage of anti-social characters. Heritage and environment are strong forces in every household, no matter what language is spoken there. Environment does not mean only the surroundings within the family circle. A general social environment also has its effect. Not the same effect on all people, of course. Here is where the personal equation comes in again. Not all

members of aristocratic families, for instance, are good-for-nothings whose main occupation is keeping divorce lawyers busy. Some have managed to keep plenty of red corpuscles alive in their blue blood. In the same way, not all children who grow up in shanty town are predisposed to criminality. Nor are all those brought up in immigrant homes where tradition pulls one way and street life another. Only a very small percentage of these children ever goes wrong.

Yet when, as grown-ups, they do go wrong and get their names in the paper, the whole group they represent is stamped with the scarlet letter of shame. How many readers are there who do not, at once, identify the origin of a culprit by his name or mention of his color, and mentally connect him and his group?

Where a member of the majority group is concerned, that connection is not drawn. Does the fact that a murderer was born in Boston reflect badly on every Bostonian? Does the three-century American origin of a forger cast doubt on the integrity of all three-century Americans?

So the difference between the privileges enjoyed by majority groups and the privileges allowed minority groups resolves itself into the right to have scoundrels among them. The right to have scientists and artists—benefactors of society—is not greatly different.

Scientists and artists are treated as individuals and thought of as individuals, except when their names are drawn into a conversation as evidence in favor of a maligned minority group. But law violators, in the minds of people who read about them in the newspapers, are usually not thought of as individuals. The law accords them the right to be considered individually, but the law cannot control the mental processes of the millions of good people who make up a country's population. There is no way of forcing people to break, in their own minds, the link between a scoundrel whose name betrays a particular origin and all other people of that origin. Breaking the link depends on the intelligence and the good will of the majority groups, who are individuals to themselves and who remain individuals to others, untainted by any misbehavior their brothers-in-origin may be guilty of.

It is a strange slogan: "Give us the right to have scoundrels among us!" Yet turning that slogan into reality will make the firmest cornerstone for a democratic structure.

Sonnet:

SHERLOCK HOLMES TO JAMES MORIARTY, Sc.D.
(May 4, 1891)

By Helene Yuhasova

CORRUPTION blacker than Formosa's own,
Spidered malignance in a cunning web,
Napoleon of all the evil known,
Shrewd blend of Milverton and Garrideb—
Have done this view-halloo in London's streets!
Come now to Reichenbach beside the fall:
Life asks for more than purely mental feats;
Mind is a rich ingredient—but not all.

What price binomial and asteroid?
Bodies, like brains, can have their innings too—
Wit is a feckless thing when brawn's employed:
Today you'll learn the might of *baritsu*. . . .
Today our cosmic meeting we'll adjourn;
Today you'll go—tomorrow I'll return!

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THE PARALYSIS OF CONSCIENCE

AMERICA has renounced isolation. We have done it officially. We have signed state papers committing us to world coöperation. We have at last become internationalist.

At least, that is what we keep telling ourselves. But it is doubtful whether America has ever been more truly isolationist than at this moment. We are willing to dip our pens in the international inkwells, signing whatever documents have to be signed, but we have only a blank stare when the time comes to do the job described in the type above the signatures. We are internationalist, all right, on paper and in the form of the thing, but something strange happens when we have to match form with substance.

Is there any doubt that we are isolationist in the vital sense, in the moral sense? Pick up your newspapers. If you look often enough and hard enough, you may find reports about what is happening in the rest of the world. You may find reports on the real condition of man in 1945 A.D. You may find reports about the millions whose lives are being drained and twisted. You may find reports about continents caked with the dry blood of misery, about the homeless and the sick and the damned everywhere. You may find reports about European Church groups which are bewildered and bitter over the failure of the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration to perform as so grandiosely advertised.

But all this accounts for only a small portion of the items in the newspapers. You will find interesting first-page reports about one of the biggest booms in America's history. You will find reports about traffic jams and crowded highways as gasoline-rationing is lifted. You will find reports about other traffic jams—in front of vacation resorts, department stores, restaurants, and places of amusement. You will find reports about the glorious possibility that nylon stockings will be available before Christmas. You will find full-page advertisements competing for your attention and your dollar, inviting you to deplete new stocks on hand or on order of private airplanes, frozen food freezers, imported linen, electric irons, platinum jewelry, refrigerators, washing machines, electric stoves, brass fireplace fixtures, electric heating pads, pressure cookers, feather-and-down pillows, steel-base sink cabinets, calf handbags, carpet sweepers, vitamins, chromium-plated bars, health lamps—and almost anything else that was withheld from a long-suffering public during the war years.

What does it mean to be internationalist? Does it mean that what happens elsewhere is none of our concern so long as we can sign a document now and then and send over a few bags of old clothing? Does it mean that millions of people must struggle to stay alive on a bare subsistence level while we install our deep-freeze units and stock up on vitamin pills?

All over the world today people are wondering about America. The reservoir of good will that Wendell Willkie, in his "One World," feared was running low, has now almost run dry. How can it be otherwise when a nation that proclaims its devotion to world coöperation isolates itself morally and acts as though the main purpose of the war was to see how fast it could reconvert to new kitchen equipment? How can it be otherwise when we are so conscienceless about our own largesse, assuming that our good fortune and our advantages are as natural as the earth itself?

This moral isolation goes far beyond the disparity and the disproportion of wealth and welfare between us and the rest of the world. It involves our shocking failure thus far to accept the responsibility for moral leadership that was laid at our door at the end of the war. Our use of the atomic bomb turned that responsibility into an obligation. We possess the most hideously successful and most indiscriminate killer in history, but we have used it in a vacuum. We have not so far met the opportunity to equate the atomic bomb with an atomic solvent, to equate force with reason, stating to the peoples of the world the full implications of destructive atomic energy, as we understand them, and calling for the building of a real world structure for the greater welfare and security of all.

What is this atomic solvent? It is not a chemical compound or a gadget. It is world public opinion at work, a powerful solvent for the difficulties and differences that are keeping peoples apart. This could be the propitious moment, the grand moment, with the tremendous psychological advantages it offers at the end of a great war to take the moral leadership in bringing the atomic solvent into play. But that propitious moment is slipping. And the world is slipping, too, back into old systems of isolation and power politics and spheres of influence—the ovaries of war.

N. C.

The Ploughman and the Gulls

By Eric Wilson Barker

FOREDOOMED, he ploughs the winter field,
Attendant gulls around him cry,
And never ravens croaked more baleful note,
Nor uttered bells such portents in the sky.

This the high clamor that the atolls know,
Shrilling across the reefs, above the roar
Of littered seas that bear dark burdens up,
And beach their broken flotsam on the shore.

Such wings as follow where the delving blade
Rips wide the frozen glebe shall span
The quivering air where life has passed
Like fire across Tarawa and Saipan.

Strange that such eyes should find him there
As these that search the turning loam,
By palms like birds with broken wings,
Nor any shady leaves of home.

But dark across his native earth
By what illusion of the air,
The shadow of the vision lies,
Fallen from what?
From where?

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Three Letters to Mr. Mumford

SIR: I ask that these observations, regarding Mr. Lewis Mumford's article "German Apologists and the German Record" [*SRL*, August 11], be given space in *SRL*.

Mr. Mumford's article will, I trust, provoke the reaction and vehement denial it deserves. By a remarkable process of distillation, social technician Mumford has discovered the black bile elemental in the German character; and with the literary mastery and word-competence undoubtedly his, has proceeded to disembowel the German ogre, shouting away the puerile attempts of some eight others. And this vociferously, with the professional presumption possible only in America. The dismissal of Dr. Arnold Brecht's thesis that no real manifestation of the Fascist danger existed till 1930 as being but "verbally true" should be immediately referred to S. I. Hayakawa for semantic appraisal. I, for one, should be delighted to know the nature of "verbal truth."

The tragedy, gentlemen (and this without professional presumption), lies in the evident truth that the Allies are faltering in their efforts to resuscitate the spirit of democratic Europe. Mr. Mumford's dainty word-efforts mean, *in ultima comparatione,* nothing. Recognition must be given to the economic ills which plague Europe and, relatedly, the world. Expediency is not so facile as Mr. Mumford's trite article suggests; but, then, what does it suggest?

F. G. MADORMA-CORDASCO.
University of Salamanca,
Salamanca, Spain.

SIR: There are six of us, and just about all we have in common is a coat of blackwash, generously applied to Mr. Lewis Mumford. In what follows I am speaking strictly for myself. Still, I hope that my fellow-defendants will not disagree too much with what I have to say.

Our general complaint, I think, would have to be that the trend of Mr. Mumford's article is all too reminiscent of what Aristotle said about the difference between rhetoric and logic. Mr. Mumford aims at psychological rather than at logical proof; the headline itself is enough to damn us in the minds of the readers before anything resembling a rational argument has been placed before them.

In Mr. Mumford's own intellectual armory there loom some ominous deficiences. That the people of Germany are to be indicted as a whole is taken for granted. Burke has told us that such an indictment presupposes a method. Mr. Mumford does not develop any method; what he implies constitutes either racism in reverse or confusion.

Nazi racism is the basis of the indictment if, as is apparently the case, the indictment of "the Germans" is to extend from the days of Caesar to the present. (Did not a Russian statesman say: "Il n'y a pas les Allemands, il n'y a que des Allemands?") A common and constant substance must have been behind all that German depravity of 2000 years. If there is a way to explain the existence of such a substance other than on the basis of "racial characteristics," I do not know of it.

Other remarks of Mr. Mumford take us back to the concept of the "national character." Much could be said about that matter—but then, some twenty years ago, its essential elements were analyzed brilliantly in Mr. Walter Lippmann's "Public Opinion," in his chapters on stereotypes. Mr. Lippmann at that time rightly emphasized that there were many and complex differences where the observer's mind sees uniformity alone, and that the assumption of uniformity is based more upon preconceived ideas than upon practical observations. "For the most part we do not first see, and then define, we define first and then see." Failure to make the proper distinctions "accounts for oceans of loose talk about collective minds, national souls, and race psychology."

Now, it may indeed happen that within a certain nation, at definite historical periods, particular patterns of thought and action become dominant. They should be analyzed scientifically, however, rather than dealt with emotionally and propagandistically. According to Mr. Churchill, the "German problem" consists of a mixture of militarism and tyranny. May I remind Mr. Mumford that the most lucid analysis of militarism, its causes as well as its cure, was presented by Jay and Hamilton in Numbers 5-8 of *The Federalist* papers? The two authors derive militarism from a feeling of insecurity, which in turn is brought about by the coexistence, in more or less close proximity, of a number of independent states. Standing armies—the constitutional significance of which was so well known to the classic writers on English constitutional history!—are resorted to as a means of defense; they derive, from their vital function, a feeling of superiority, and destroy the liberty of the people in a gradual process. The remedy is the removal of this insecurity—at that time by establishing the federal union; a mixture of regional federations (including a federated Europe) with a worldwide system of collective security would appear to be the answer for our time.

So far as tyranny is concerned, have the brilliant pages on this subject by Plato, Aristotle, and the rest been written in vain? In the first place, they present a picture quite different from that of militarism. In the case of Germany, ask the few thousand Jews who escaped the Nazi murder camps whether there is not a difference between the militarism of the First World War, supported by the brilliant economic organization of Walter Rathenau, and the rule of the "Bohemian Corporal." Or ask the German generals who were on the top of political power in World War I and close to the gallows this time!

The remedy for tyranny was most effectively presented, a few years ago, by that "German apologist" whose

READ 'ASTRIDE THE BLUE EAGLE'
GREATEST NOVEL SINCE
'GONE WITH THE WIND'!
The greatest NOVEL SINCE 'GONE WITH THE WIND' 'ASTRIDE THE BLUE EAGLE'
A. JOHN KAUMUS

"Have you a copy of 'Gone with the Wind'?"

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name was Guglielmo Ferrero. His demand for *democratic* legitimacy was both misunderstood and misinterpreted. But he did know what we combined "German apologists" now try to emphasize: that Danton was right when he said, "On ne détruit que ce qu'on remplace." All of which means that the fight against Nazi tyranny is incomplete until it is replaced by a working democracy.

A couple of Mr. Mumford's specific points might be taken up: he says that we six defendants "would have us abandon every vestige of political prudence—permitting the Germans to manage their destinies without further control and surveillance." He lists my book, "The Tyrants' War and the Peoples' Peace," but did he read it? On page 206 this sentence will be found: "So far as the German democrats are concerned, no one suggests that we should 'trust them altogether' [as Campbell Bannerman had advocated in regard to the Boers]; effective military precautions on the part of the United Nations could and should be taken."

Mr. Mumford says that, under the Weimar Republic, "The old beliefs remained unchallenged: one German girl I know . . . protested, when I discussed the abolition of war, that she had been taught that this was impossible—'War was necessary for the biological health of the people.'" Now, this writer received his entire education, beginning with the last years in grammar school, under the Republic, and he was never taught such things. No doubt there have been people in Germany who have made such statements. There is no doubt likewise that there have been people in other countries who have made similar assertions. For instance, there is a French general who has expressed views with such implications; his name is Charles de Gaulle.

Just what will happen to American foreign policy if it is to be based upon wartime stereotypes, the lifetime expectancy of which hardly ever exceeds a few years?

FERDINAND A. HERMENS.
South Bend, Indiana.

SIR: Lewis Mumford's piece dealing with a group of nine books on various aspects of German history and politics strikes me as a most unhappy instance of the type of propaganda in literature of which we have had more than enough these last few years. It seems to me that we are in more urgent need of speedy demobilization in the realm of the mind than in any other sphere of national life.

Since Mumford felt called upon to label eight of the nine books as "German apologists" whom he contrasted with what he calls the "German record," I should like to say at the outset that I am not a German "apologist," I hope, having advocated war against Germany long before most others did it, including Lewis Mumford. Fortunately this is a matter of printed record. I have not only been an anti-Nazi, but an anti-militarist, an anti-monopolist, and a rather ardent anti-anti-Semite. So I beg out of this particular aspect of the name-calling.

It so happens that I have read all these books, and have reviewed several of them in scholarly publications. I am compelled to say that it is most regrettable that the readers of your esteemed journal whom one thinks of as a sophisticated crowd are treated to a review which fails almost completely to do the first thing any non-propagandist review ought to do, namely, to convey a summary of what the book or books have to say regarding the subject with which they deal.

I believe that various and basic criticisms can be made of these books, but Mumford does not make them. Instead, he uses these books to editorialize concerning his own views of the "German record." But it is not even a good editorial. For what do we learn of the "German record"? Virtually nothing at all, except that Mumford agrees with Vansittart and Foerster, and that he approves of Thomas Mann's recent Washington address which had, however, a rather different meaning from the one Mumford imputes to it. As I understood Mann—and I agree with him—he suggested that we who have sat here eating, drinking, and making merry from 1933 to 1939 while others were fighting and dying in the struggle against fascism, have accumulated a very substantial guilt of our own, and especially the Germans among us. Certainly so courageous a humanist as Mumford would agree that a man like Seger who went through the hell of a concentration camp had more right to speak concerning Germany than Emil Ludwig, who spent the corresponding time lolling about Locarno and writing laudatory accounts of Benito Mussolini's personality, or Vansittart, who continued to occupy the key post in the key government all through the now all-too-easily-forgotten period of appeasement, Hoare-Laval deals, and non-intervention in Spain.

However, I am less concerned with *the right of these men to be heard* than with the *truth* to be arrived at. What troubles me most in articles such as Mumford's is the propagandist's method of name-calling, glittering generalities, card-stacking, and citing "authorities." I cannot find *one* argument in the whole piece that shows a real regard for what critical history-writing has taught us concerning the taking and evaluating of evidence, a method which is quite akin to the judicial method so deeply rooted in the Anglo-Saxon tradition. Instead, we have appeals to prejudice, rhetoric, and other such.

Mumford is perfectly within his right in disagreeing with any or all of these authors. I do. But we are entitled to be told specifically on what subjects he disagrees and why. He thinks their views are dangerous. Possibly they are. But we have a right to hear of the dangerous truths, as well as to be warned of the safe falsehoods. Personally, I have never accepted the arguments in support of various "slants" which official propagandists have persuaded themselves with. I believe that most of the official propaganda we have had has been either needless, or worse than needless. But I am willing to assume that I am wrong in this, and that in wartime the old Roman adage *Inter arma leges silent* has its modern equivalent *Inter arma veritas silet.*

In saying this, I do not wish to suggest that *I* know the truth. Far from it. Those who coined the phrase of the "propaganda of the truth" are suggesting that they do. But I do insist that there are at hand in our Western tradition explicit "codes" and well-known "methods" which are essential to the *search for truth.* Among these are the careful statement of a position one wishes to disagree with, and a conscientious presentation of the evidence. Mumford's failure in this respect has deeply disturbed me, because I have the warmest regard for his previous work, and only recently have spoken at length and in highest terms of his "The Condition of Man."

Let me be explicit. Commenting on George N. Shuster's brief (and controversial) history of the Weimar Republic, Mumford writes: "Such people even say—it is almost a refrain—'After all, you must not forget that the German people were the first victims of Nazism.' Never in history, certainly, was there the public record of a rape that was commited with so much visible pleasure on the face of the victim." As I read this incredible phrase, there passed before my inner eye the floating pictures of two of my German professors, great scholars, one throwing himself under a train, the other jumping off the ruined tower of an ancient castle after two years of desperate struggle against the Nazis; the pictures of two fellow students whose faces I tried to imagine as they were beaten to death by the Gestapo in Dachau; my old teacher Anschütz in Heidelberg visiting every Jewish store in Heidelberg on the day of the boycott. And then I recalled the unforgettable and detailed accounts of Nora Waln, Irmgard Litten, "The Seventh Cross," etc. etc. "Much visible pleasure . . ." a rawer, more despicable phrase

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has not been coined in all these years of abuse, lies, and slanders.

Another illustration: "According to reports too numerous and too unanimous to be doubted, the Germans have . . . certainly no sense of moral guilt." I have a letter before me from a German woman which says: "We can hardly breathe so weighed down are we with a sense of shame for what these beasts (the Nazis) have done." I have had quite a few reports which say the same thing. We have the proclamation published in the *Amsblatt* of the city of Leipzig and signed by the burgomaster and city council, dwelling at length upon the deep guilt and stupendous shame of all Germans at what the Nazis have done, we have the report of the mass meeting of Protestant clergy in the church where Bach fashioned his immortal music, literally wallowing in penitence and self-debasement, etc., etc., etc. Anyway, what are these unanimous reports that Mumford finds it impossible to doubt? Mostly newspaper correspondents' quick impressions of a people whose language they could admittedly not speak. There are dense moralists who may expect Germans overwhelmed by a sense of guilt to rush at American correspondents with an interpreter to tell them all about it, but Lewis Mumford? A keen student of psychoanalysis and one of the few with a real appreciation of the interrelation of sex-repression, the sense of guilt, and social structure? It is incredible.

Once more. I am not arguing here about Mumford's views, many of which I share. We have fought the good fight against isolationism, indifference, and fascism together and I intend to continue even here. But while I may agree or disagree with the practical ideas of these men he criticizes, or with Vansittart, or with Foerster, I will insist that they are entitled to a candid examination of the evidence. The trouble with writers like Vansittart and Foerster is not so much what they say about Germany, as what they do not say about Britain, France, Russia, and even the good old United States. That is the great difference between Thorstein Veblen whose great treatise on "The Nature of Peace and the Terms of Its Perpetuation" deserves the closest study, today more than ever, and these "propagandists," who bring an indictment against one society and one people in terms of an exalted moral code which they then utterly neglect to apply to other societies and other peoples. Let me quote one of the great phrases of this great book:

> The great distinguishing mark being that the German usufructuary gentlemen are, in theory at least, gentlemen adventurers of Prowess and proud words, whose place in the world's economy it is to glorify God and disturb the peace; whereas their British analogues are gentlemen-investors, of blameless propriety whose place it is more simply to glorify God and enjoy him forever.

Veblen's hard-headed analysis rested

upon a ready appreciation of the fact that the German masses were the dupes of their imperial masters. The policy of uprooting this militarism "means a serious intermeddling in the domestic concerns and arrangements of the Fatherland, such as is not admissible under the democratic principle . . . at the same time that this degree of interference is imperative, if the peace is to be kept on any other footing than that of eternal vigilance and superior armed force." I am afraid quite a few of the authors Lewis Mumford has under review would not agree with Veblen. I do. But one need only to read one of Veblen's careful analyses of German writings to realize that he would have taken the evidence of these authors apart, instead of calling them names, such as "German apologists," "German Nationalists," and the like.

For the truth of the matter is difficult to arrive at, and no rhetoric and generalizing will give it to us. Of course, it is nonsense to talk of a "Good Germany" and a "Bad Germany," as it is also nonsense to talk of a "Good Britain" and a "Bad Britain." But there are Britons who agree with us that the road to peace lies through social progress, democracy, and collective security, and there are others who disagree with us and think that it lies through social status quo, aristocracy, and the maintenance of empire. And so it is with the Germans. The Germans whom Mumford has under review are some of these. They may be wrong in many things. They are. But they are our friends. And if we are to get on with a world in which there is peace, we shall have to convince them rather than denounce them. They may be "the crux of the German problem," as Mumford thinks, but they are also the only hope of its being solved. (By way of an aside I may add that I consider Ebenstein's book neither able nor dispassionate, but a product of *racha* which the author will deeply regret not so many years hence.)

These men have fought for social progress, peace, democracy. They are part of the "German record." Their friends have died for it. They are part of the "German record." No use getting sentimental about it. There were too few of them, obviously. There are too few of them—patently. But thank God they are there. They have illusions about German history? Of course we have none about our own. Let's not make the gods laugh, by expecting the impossible. Let's make sure that the peace of the future does not depend on the wisdom, the courage, the knowledge of those Germans who are potentially our friends. Let's help them clean up the mess by insisting on denazification, de-militarization, de-monopolization. They may not like it now, but they probably will in the end.

Just what the German record has been these past twelve years, we will not know for many a year. It certainly looks terrible now. But how much better the record of others will look, we do not know. Some better, surely. But that it will be a matter of black and white, the historian will doubt.

As a great German socialist, Wilhelm Sollmann has written with poignant bitterness: "I would rather trust the black record of German socialist workers, than the white record of British tories." Personally I'd rather trust neither. They are both of the world that lies in ruins. But if it is a matter of records, let us keep *all* the records straight.

More important than records, good and bad, is the determination to go forward into a better future. At least so it seems to a schoolmaster. I know that the swell guys that have gone forward, fought, and died would have it so. I would fail them, if I did not speak up for the most humane quality of all true humanism: the search for truth. It, and only it, will make us free.

CARL J. FRIEDRICH.

Cambridge, Mass.

Mr. Mumford Replies

SIR: I am happy to have the opportunity to comment on these letters attacking the validity of my article. I shall do so *seriatim*.

I. Señor Madorma-Cordasco's letter would demand more than Spanish courtesy on my part to receive a reply. The question he asks was answered in the next sentence in my article.

II. Mr. Ferdinand Hermens's chief defense consists in making false statements and falser inferences about what I said. He cannot understand how one might have solid grounds for viewing the German record with distrust unless one also believed in racism. Therefore he mistakenly fancies I believe in racism. Mr. Hermens's professed ignorance of an alternative is naive.

Plainly, the social heritage is sufficient to account for all the special traits that have set the Germans off from other Western peoples during the past century. This heritage is transmitted by example, by positive indoctrination, and by general education; and it has left its mark on many Germans who think they have escaped it or effectively rebelled against it. Conceivably, some of Germany's present traits might have been transmitted

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culturally for two thousand years, as many of China's present traits have been. But I have nowhere said this about Germany. Mr. Hermens's second statement is false.

Certainly, there *was* a difference between the authoritarian and military Germany of the Hohenzollerns and the nihilistic totalitarianism of the National Socialists: the difference between gray and black. People like Mr. Hermens, unfortunately, in looking back on the pre-1914 German world, fondly see its political color as rosy, and would like everyone else to share this erroneous belief.

To correct this aberration, I would suggest two books about the Second Reich. One is "Der Untertan," by Heinrich Mann, which was ready for the printer in 1914 and published at the end of the war: in the United States it was translated as "The Patrioteer." All that the "hero" of "The Patrioteer" needed in order to become a Nazi was a Brown Shirt. The other book is "Betrachtungen eines Unpolitischen," by Thomas Mann, published during the First World War, but never translated.

III. Professor Carl J. Friedrich demands that, in an article of some 3500 words, on nine books, I put forward all my evidence, instead of concentrating on my carefully weighed conclusions. That is both an impossible demand and an absurd one; for the books had already been reviewed by other critics in *The Saturday Review*. My evidence lay partly in the books themselves, to which I again called attention; the purpose of my article was to help the reader interpret this material and to point out the nature of their authors' intentions. My personal integrity stands behind these conclusions.

What, asks Professor Friedrich, does one learn of the German record from my article? "Virtually nothing at all," he answers. Since he refuses to use his eyes, I will itemize the facts marshalled in that very brief space:

1. Before the First World War ended the German General Staff had made plans for a comeback.

2. Atrocities and wholesale malicious destruction were committed by the German Army during the First World War, but were forgotten by us or dismissed as fables.

3. Leading German thinkers like Werner Sombart (I did not bother to cite the 93 writers and professors who signed the original War Manifesto) supported German militarism, with arguments similar to the Nazis.

4. Germany swung back toward her nationalist, militarist, and authoritarian past at the very time she was being admitted to the League of Nations and was being rehabilitated and restored with the aid of her former enemies.

5. A German pacifist was sentenced to prison in 1927 for revealing Germany's secret remilitarization. (The original German edition of Stresemann's letters makes clear Germany's ultimate purposes.)

6. Germany's supposedly impartial courts of law under the Weimar Republic consistently punished the few political murders committed by the left and exempted from punishment the far more numerous murders committed by the reactionary and militarist right.

7. Germany as a whole went over to National Socialism in 1933. (As Spengler grimly remarked at the time: This is not a victory, for there was no opposition.)

8. Germany had, before this, been rebuilt and re-equipped with the aid of capital borrowed mainly from private investors in the victorious countries. Her loud claims to be considered a downtrodden victim of a brutal treaty were false.

9. German democracy had never had more than a formal existence even under the Weimar Republic: the core of this culture was militarist and authoritarian.

Each of these items might well be developed into a whole article; and many more might be added; but if Professor Friedrich can learn nothing from them it is perhaps because, where Germany is concerned, he is not a wholly disinterested scholar. At all events, he can hardly dismiss the facts I have brought forward by using the infantile device—dear to the Institute for Propaganda Analysis—of calling me a propagandist and a name-caller.

Professor Friedrich reminds me of the enlightened minority of Germans who were against Nazism in all its forms, whether reactionary or dynamic. I have never denied their existence: they included one of my dearest friends; and I respect the courage of men like Professor Karl Vossler of Munich, who stuck to their posts through the deepening night of Nazism. But I say that it is a grave mistake to confuse this minority with the German people, or to believe that the latter can be easily redeemed because men like Vossler never needed redemption in the first place.

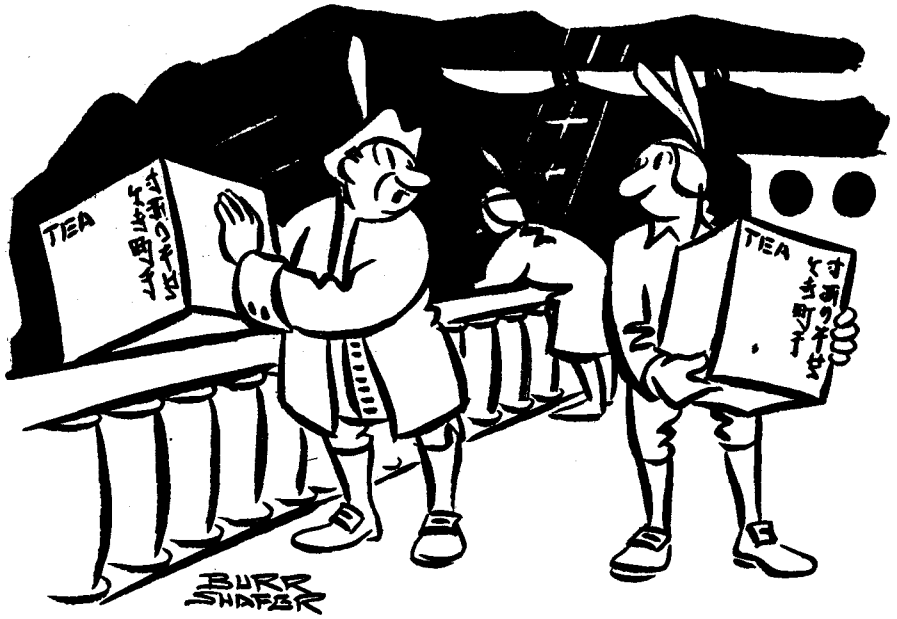
As for my conclusions, they are the outcome of a lifelong acquaintance with Germans of all kinds, and of a firsthand knowledge of German culture. What my interpretation lacks in intimacy, it perhaps gains in perspective. Like many other Americans and Englishmen and even Frenchmen, I closed my eyes to Germany's political plans and purposes after the First World War; but a visit to Germany in 1932 helped to awaken me, and I do not propose to close my eyes again. Professor Friedrich does not say when he proposed America should join a war against Nazism: I publicly advocated this measure in 1935. Did he?

Historic perspective, which would lead to self-awareness and self-criticism, is precisely what the German apologists fail in. Lest I lack proof for this statement, my critics have naively supplied it. Neither Mr. Hermens nor Professor Friedrich has the faintest suspicion, I am sure, that in their very manner of answering my article they have both borne witness to the truth of my principle contentions.

Today, according to continued reports, the American Military Government in Europe still thinks that its main duty is to put Germany in order: they apparently have little concern to restore at once the livestock, the vehicles, the raw materials, the money—or their equivalents—that the Germans stole from the peoples they conquered and enslaved. In practice, we are again beginning to treat Germany as the most favored nation. For this monstrous attitude, a flagrant example of injustice and inhumanity, we have to thank in no small degree the German apologists, avowed and unavowed, who have been so busy in our midst—not least, perhaps, Professor Carl J. Friedrich himself.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

Amenia, New York.



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"I hope this isn't Orange Pekoe?"

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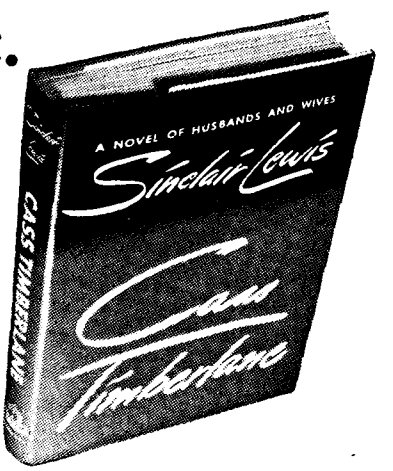
Sinclair Lewis

has written many great novels in his time, but none so frank as this one. It reveals with tenderness and relentless satire what is happening to American marriage.



Cass Timberlane

NOVEL OF HUSBANDS AND WIVES

390 PAGES, $2.75
A BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB SELECTION

RANDOM HOUSE
20 E. 57th ST., NEW YORK 22
Publishers of the Modern Library

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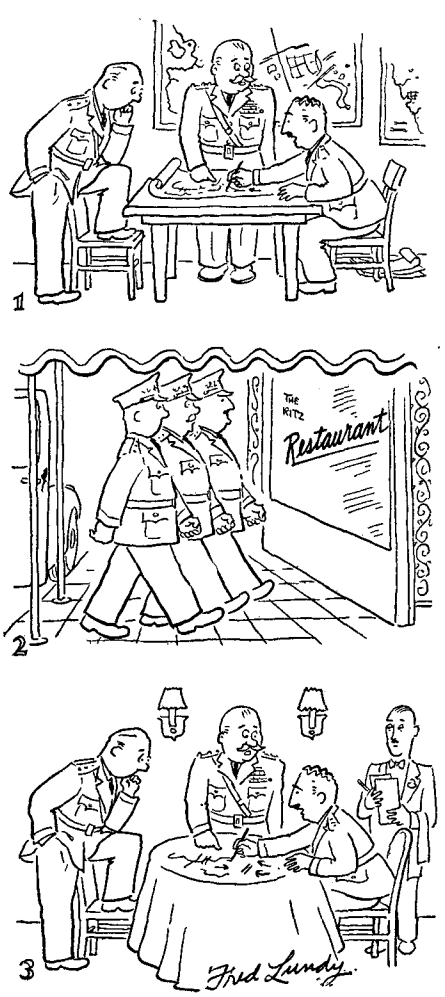
TRADE Winds

TRADE WINDS' complaint about traffic congestion in mid-town New York brought immediate action. Mayor La Guardia charged into the City Council and rushed through an inspired measure changing the name of Sixth Avenue to "Avenue of the Americas." The fact that not one citizen in ten thoustand ever will dream of using this unwieldy and imbecilic designation is quite beside the point; think of all the man-hours it will require to change the names on sign-posts, subway stations, and buses! When a new Mayor is installed in a few months (O'Dwyer is a 3 to 1 favorite against the field), the name can be quietly changed back to Sixth Avenue, and the general public will never know the difference. . . .

CEDRIC CROWELL, one of the best-liked figures in the entire publishing world, has retired. His post at Doubleday's will be taken over by live-wire Tommy Burns, just back from service in the Navy. . . . John Selby, novelist and AP ace, is now head editor at Farrar and Rinehart. . . . A group of publishers who saw Cass Canfield and George Joel in action on the tennis courts recently is prepared to back them to the limit in a doubles match against any team of booksellers or authors in the country. Challenges may be addressed to this column. . . . The sudden death of William Seabrook subdued, if it did not surprise, the literary fraternity. The author of "The Magic Island," "Jungle Ways," and "Asylum" experienced personal adventures that topped anything in his books. They included eating human flesh with cannibals in Liberia, and practising weird voodoo rites in Haiti. Apprehended in New York for staging an indescribable frolic, Seabrook reminded an official that he was a member of the writing craft. "Krafft-Ebing," corrected the official. . . .

THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB expects to have a million members by early spring. Its December choices are "Lovely Is the Lee," by Robert Gibbings, and "Beach Red" (originally announced as "The Wakeful Stars"), by Peter Bowman. . . . January Literary Guild selection is "David the King," a new novel by Gladys Schmitt, author of "The Gates of Aulis." . . . The film version of "The Lost Weekend," which terrified many prevue spectators by its uncompromising portrayal of a hopeless drunkard, left Harold Ross, of *The New Yorker*, in a state of comparative calm. "To me," he said, "it's just like a day in the office." . . . That new fountain-pen, invented by a Hungarian refugee in the Argentine, and already in production in England, not only writes twelve miles without refilling (about five years of average use) but, at the end of eleven miles, it automatically writes in red ink for a short while as a warning that a refill will soon be required. The "point" of the pen is a steel ball that will withstand any kind of abuse; the ink, being non-liquid, cannot possibly spill. American rights were acquired by Eversharp and Eberhard-Faber for two million dollars. A thousand pens at most can be produced before Christmas, and these probably will sell for about a hundred dollars each. Eventually, however, the pens will come down to a dollar or less, with the manufacturers depending on the refills for their real profits, as in the case of razors and blades. In 1939 there were almost forty million fountain pens sold in the United States—an even bigger business than Ellery Queen's! . . .



A VISITOR to the Boston Public Library could hardly wait to report the presence of these two signs in the reading room: "No loose dogs allowed," and "Only low conversation permitted." . . . On the day that Capt. George Oppenheimer received his Army discharge, he wired friends in Hollywood, "I am free, white, and at 21." . . . A new Dorothy Parker quip! Discovered sitting patiently in front of Marshall Best's door at Viking, she explained, "I am witting for my publisher again." . . . Two of the best-known "glamor girls" in the literary set (who would kill me if I mentioned their names) decided it was high time they read Proust. They took the two-volume set to Atlantic City, and began to read aloud to each other, each reading twenty-five pages or so at a stretch. After a hundred pages they both had to confess that their remembrance of things past was not as clear as it should have been. "I think he presupposes too much knowledge in the reader," complained Glam Number One. Glam Number Two did not answer immediately. She had just made an interesting discovery. They had begun reading the second volume. . . .

ONE OF THE many recent additions to the ranks of twenty-five-cent book publishers, eyeing with some apprehension the extensive plans of Pocket and Bantam Books, has charged suddenly into the market place offering guarantees up to fifteen thousand dollars for rights to second- and third-string novels. This is just one of many indications that the bloom will soon be off the rose in this category of publishing. Even under present bonanza conditions, the profits are nowhere near so high as many outsiders have been led to believe. Since I have become interested myself in Bantam Books, I have had the opportunity to discover that the costs of distribution, promotion, and acquisition of good titles are mounting constantly. Increasing competition means that dealers will soon cease selling out their stocks; if their returns ever reach twenty per cent (not too high a figure by magazine standards) some of the Johnnie-come-latelies in the quarter field will be jumping from high places or disappearing altogether. If that happens, they couldn't pick a better man to find the bodies than Rex Stout's Nero Wolfe. . . .

TALK OF JUMPING from high places inevitably calls to mind the stock market crash that got rolling into high exactly sixteen years ago. New stories of that debacle still are coming to light. One concerns the Wall Street tycoon who gave his university a couple of million dollars to build a new library. By the time it was finished, the

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**"Ethereal Minstrel! Pilgrim of the Sky!
Doth thou despise the earth where cares abound?"**

tycoon was wiped out, and the university heads offered him the job of chief librarian in his own building. He not only accepted, but has presided there very happily ever since.

Then there was the family of four brothers. Three were spectacularly successful Wall Street operators, the fourth was an amiable schlemiel who had just about enough sense to sit down when he was tired. The three shining lights took care of their less gifted brother. Every time one of them bought ten thousand shares of a stock, he'd add a couple of hundred in the name of the lame duck. In July, 1929, the fourth brother fell ill, and was told by the doctor that he was the victim of an incurable disease, and couldn't live another ten months. He sold every share of stock he owned for about a million in cash, put his affairs in order, and prepared to have as much fun as possible in the little time he had left. Of course, the three geniuses were wiped out completely in October. And the lame duck's disease wasn't incurable after all. He's living on top of the world today, and the three brothers are working for him. . . .

UP IN ROCHESTER, there lived a family who had had the same cook for twenty years (those were the days!). While she was off on a holiday, her employers decided to give her a pleasant surprise. They had her room completely refurnished and redecorated. The cook was surprised all right. It developed that her life savings—twelve thousand dollars in cash—had been hidden in her old mattress.

By great good fortune, the mattress was recovered, and her nest egg found intact. Her employers upbraided her for her medieval habits, and persuaded her with the greatest difficulty to deposit her twelve thousand dollars in a local bank. Then, bingo! The market collapsed, the bank closed, and the family was left without a penny. "What can I say?" the white-faced husband told the cook. "This is all our fault, and if it's the last thing I do, I'm going to make good on that twelve thousand I lost for you."

"Don't give it another thought," said the cook. "I just deposited that money in the bank to make you happy. I drew it out again fifteen minutes later."

I wish I could tell you that the cook loaned her employer the money, and that with that fresh start he rose to be a vice-president of the Eastman Kodak Company. That would be a neat ending, but it wouldn't be true. For that matter, I wouldn't vouch for the whole story. The man who told it to me—a Mr. Moss Hart—has a vivid imagination.

BENNETT CERF.

"From where I sit"

THE war may be over, but paper and printing difficulties are still with us. Junior Books have taken blow after blow this season. But at least the children who dog-ear the books won't know about it, because Margaret Lesser and her team have managed to get out a wide variety of books which have caught the fancy of many a tired, hunting Mama.

The room where children's books are hatched looks bright and carefree even on rainy days of which we have already had seven hundred and fifty-six this year, but actually it is haunted by some pretty shrewd psychologists. This book **Too Big,** for example (written and illustrated by INGRI and EDGAR PARIN D'AULAIRE) had me completely baffled. It nearly gave me a nervous breakdown and left me feeling like Pavlov's frustrated dog. It's the story of a boy who was **Too Big** for his little pants, **Too Big** to lift his cat by the tail, and of all things, **Too Big** to ride his pony. Something seemed wrong here—some of the Too Bigs seemed to apply to the wrong things, and I ended up on the floor in tears, having spat on the pages I couldn't cope with. But not so the two and three-year-olds. They sense its whimsy instantly, and they even sleep better. But even I must admit that D'AULAIRE's drawings will look fine and cheery in my padded cell.

Then there's the **Mystery of the Old Barn** by MARY URMSTON for older kids, a story which gets away from the old stuff about buried treasure and impossible adventure, and sticks to the kind of mystery that kids make for themselves out of their fertile imaginations: particularly city kids who seldom get to the country. A city child in an old barn is like a cat with a ball of twine. Endless possibilities arise.

On the Junior Books list is **Heroes in Plenty** by THEODORA DUBOIS, known to *Crime Club* fans. In as thrilling an odyssey as ever taxed the resources of a young boy, Tony Kirk left New Haven to return to his home in war-torn England by way of Nazi-occupied France, Germany, Italy, and the Normandy coast. It's the sort of situation that the author and her husband are familiar with, having established a temporary base for English children in New Haven. Though this is less than half the Junior books list, it is the end of this column.

paul

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

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Strictly Personal

THE CUSTOMERS ALWAYS WRITE

THE customers always write. Trouble is they seldom write the kind of letters most folks like to receive!

The customers write to protest. They write to growl, to kick, to complain, to object, to call names and to point out mistakes. Especially to point out mistakes of which my work is profuse. They also write to ask favors, such as the reading of a 60,000-word novelette by a sister-in-law in Memphis, Tennessee; to demand free copies of books, to request advice of all kinds. But never to commend. That seems to be the way of customers. What do you think they pay their money at the newsstand for?

My own particular customers from Ach, Ernest, of Cincinnati, Ohio, to W. Corson Zelliff, Ph.D., of Washingtonville, Pa., rarely approve of my efforts to amuse them. Of the hundreds of letters that have come across my desk, hardly half a dozen have been commendatory. Save those from the junior members of the association. Older folks never correspond with writing gents unless they dislike the stuff and are annoyed. Apparently the youngsters don't write unless they like it. Ain't education wonderful, Nellie?

Twenty years come Michaelmas in the literary salt mines have taught me some bitter lessons about the letter-writers. One is never to mention the state of California in an article or short story. There's something about the native sons, especially those lately transplanted from the Middle West, which makes them amazingly, well, shall we say, non-objective. Any reference to Californian morning fogs, to the glacial sea-bathing along the coast, to some of the more garish aspects of Los Angeles, brings instant and unfavorable response.

If a writer doesn't care to be smothered in mail, he'd better not compose articles about stamps, coins, antiques, or anything people collect. If he does, the letters will arrive in barrels. He'd also best be careful about the colleges. The college folksies are as sensitive as a sciatic nerve. Especially in the late summer and fall of the year. At this period they are, as Stanley Woodward puts it, "Not fit companions for a porcupine." This is hardly overstatement. He lists Dartmouth and Cornell alumni and undergraduates as objectionable letter writers, and suggests that "perhaps in peacetime young gentlemen attending these institutions had nothing else to do."

My experience has been that in addition to Dartmouth the gentlemen attached to or once connected with the University of Southern California (not to be confused with the University of California or the University of California at Los Angeles) are particularly obnoxious. An intimation in a national magazine that Southern Cal wasn't, educationally speaking, quite in the same street with Yale, deluged me with abuse for weeks. One graduate of Southern Cal, a judge in the Superior Court of L. A., sent me many a protest, and finished with a large and elaborate dossier that is still in my files. This dossier contained photostatic copies of his letters to me, my replies, and various communications from academic societies all over the country proving that, as an institution of learning, Southern Cal was up there ahead of all the rest. Maybe so. But to date I haven't found out what was biting the Jedge. Maybe he needs a dose of that thing Fred Allen used to plug on the air, what was it, Sal Hepatica?

Right after Dartmouth and Southern Cal, I rate Princeton. The boys from Old Nassau take Princeton as a religion, and are no mean letter writers when the moment arises. My experience has been that you can say what you like about Yale and Harvard and no one will read it, much less write in to protest. But suggest that last fall's Dartmouth eleven wasn't the greatest on earth, and watch what happens!

Some of the most interesting mail to swim across my desk has been from inmates of Atlanta, Sing Sing, Leavenworth, and elsewhere. These letters all come from a post office box, with no other identification save the name. They are usually urbane, and often more constructive than the ones from outside prison. A prisoner once wrote me quoting Plato at length, and another suggested my reading parts of Emerson to set me right on a point I'd raised, while a third inquired whether "anyone is really free?" This question I was unable to answer.

In my files is a letter from a distinguished college classmate dated July 1936. He rebuked me severely for having voted for Roosevelt in these words: "I am exceedingly sorry you are a Roosevelt man, since I know you are honest whereas he allows things to be done that savor of subterfuge, and are misleading to the public." The distinguished classmate at this time was the president of the New York Stock Exchange. Two years later he was convicted of embezzling several millions and exchanged the presidency of the Stock Exchange for the presidency of the Harvard Club of Sing Sing.

When the customers aren't telling you off or calling you names, they are generally asking favors. A man who claims to be the only one in the country "buying, selling and exchanging academic gowns," once sent me his card and asked me to give him what he coyly called "a write-up." A lady from a small town in Pennsylvania felt she could write because she simply had to write, and asked me to purchase ideas from her on subjects as diverse as child-bearing, railroading, and old furniture. A gent from Louisiana wrote in to say he had invented (and

"I'm sorry, ma'am—but I'm going to have to ask you a few routine questions."

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patented) a game he quaintly termed "Diskaboom." He invited me to raise the capital to promote this game and thus make our respective fortunes. Another customer, from Atlanta, Georgia, wrote in before the war asking me to use my influence to get Bitsy Grant made a member of the U. S. Davis Cup team. My influence in tennis circles being what it was I declined his invitation with thanks.

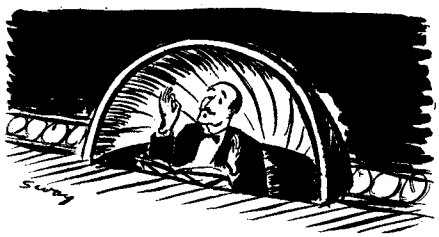
Most writers have strange questions hurled at them, and I presume I've had my share. A fair stranger from St. Louis sent me a money order for a dollar and a half and asked me to buy her an oriental rug in my travels abroad. A mother in Fairmont, West Virginia, wanted to know how her small daughter could have a career in roller skating like Sonja Henie's on the ice. The lady head of a college publishing firm asked how to market a book on housing and recreational facilities in big cities, while the Alumnae Council of the Florida College for Women at Tallahassee requested me to "evaluate the personal qualifications most necessary for a successful alumnae secretary, and next, to state the most important duties of an alumnae secretary." I replied on a postcard. First: a good-looking gal. Second: hand-shaking. However, not all the inquiries come from ladies. A gentleman connected with a New York publishing house invited me to list for him all prominent Englishmen graduated from Harvard in the last fifty years. I was unable to earn his gratitude.

From a senior in the Manston (Wis.) High School came a request to list the best forty football and basketball players in the United States. Another from Fosdick-Masten High in Buffalo, who addressed me as "Noted Sportswriter, New York," asked for complete information on the values of interscholastic and intramural sport. However the lad I liked best came from Des Moines, Iowa. He was doing a thesis on "Journalism and the Sports Pages," and sent me a 32-page questionnaire. This included such items as "What influence does the sports page have on the family? On the community?" I had to explain I was writing a book of 70,000 words myself at the time, and couldn't find time to fill out his questionnaire.

Once I received a card making me an honorary life member of the *Ligue Tunisienne de Baseball,* in response to a short newspaper piece I'd done on baseball in North Africa. Another newspaper article made the U. S. Lawn Tennis Association disgorge some of its accumulated riches for the benefit of a small Western tennis association, and the letter of the secretary of the latter branch was as welcome as usual. Recently a piece in a national magazine in which I mentioned a Lieutenant Vincent Meyer, F. A., who was my commanding officer in a Plattsburg battery in 1917, got around. It was good shortly after to receive a letter from a brigadier general commanding a field artillery brigade at Fort Sill. While almost twenty years after the war a boy I'd served beside in France saw an article of mine and wrote in to ask whether I was his buddy of 1918. He is now a judge in Tyler, Texas.

It was not until I'd been writing (and selling) to magazines for over fifteen years that I received a letter from a large American institution of learning situated within one thousand miles of 116th Street and Broadway, Manhattan. It was an advertisement for an extension course in writing. "Dear Sir. How do you *know* you can't write?" The letter that has meant most of all came from a lady living in San Francisco. It was short. "I want you to know how deeply I was touched and how I shall always treasure the splendid tribute to my daughter, Helen Wills Moody, in your talk over the radio from London tonight."

In recent years I've written half a dozen novels on sport for boys and girls of all ages. They write me, these boys and girls, from schools pretty



much all over the country. I always answer them promptly. Recently a boy named Bill wrote from a town about 200 miles away. I replied on stationery with my telephone number. The next day he called me on the telephone to ask whether he couldn't come down and cut my lawn. The kids write letters you like to get. Their handwriting is large and round, always on carefully lined paper with blue lines. And there's one thing they have in common; Bob in South High in Omaha, Clifford in F. T. Howard No. 2 in New Orleans, Rudy and Joan in Ascension in Oak Park, Buddy in Columbia Grammar in New York, Dennis in Hamtramok, Bill in Grove Junior High in Illinois, Thayne in Topeka High in Kansas, Esther in Fort Lauderdale High, and all the rest. They end their letters the same way. Like this:

"Your friend, Buddy." Or, "Your friend, Esther."

Nowadays a writer is lucky to have friends like these.

JOHN R. TUNIS.

"Has anybody here seen Wednesday?"

IT'S GONE. We saw it in the newspapers. Without anyone else's knowledge or consent (not ours, anyway) the House of Representatives has done away with calendar Wednesdays. There is a movement afoot, we hear, to bring them back.

Lest anyone become unduly alarmed, we hasten to explain that Congress is still working a full week. Calendar Wednesday, it would appear, was not so much a day as a state of mind—a technicality which allowed a bill to be presented for the consideration of the House. Not every Wednesday, it seems, was necessarily a calendar Wednesday. Certain persons have been whispering to us that calendar Wednesdays have been known to fall on Tuesdays and Fridays, but *that* we do not believe. Our gullibility goes just so far.

It's all somewhat confusing. But then, the basis of our governmental system itself is confusing. Our *democratic* union of *sovereign* states represents in many ways a contradiction in terms, and, as we read in FEDERALISM AS A DEMOCRATIC PROCESS,[1] we've had our troubles making it work. The blame seems to rest squarely on the stalwart shoulders of those proverbial whipping boys, the Puritans, whose governmental ideal was a democratic state in which each section ruled itself. Carried to logical lengths, that idea has sometimes proved anything *but* democratic. It has even permitted minorities to rule. It was a primary cause of the Civil War. And the spectacle of 14 and later 49 governments fighting it out for power has been putting gray into the hair of our statesmen since 1789.

BUT IT WOULD BE both unfair and ungrateful to jump on John, Miles, and Priscilla as the sources of our political woes up to and including the calendar Wednesdays we haven't got. They did their best. Their efforts at setting up the country for our use were hampered not only by previous appointments with the Indians but by a refreshing innocence of what it was all about. AMERICAN PSYCHOLOGY BEFORE WILLIAM JAMES[2] reminds us that the Pilgrim Fathers had been brought up on Ptolemaic astronomy, Aristotelian physics, Ciceronian philosophy, and Biblical chronology. The world had been created in 4004 B.C.—on October 23, to be precise.

No wonder the adoption of the Gregorian calendar, 12 days behind the Julian, found certain descendants of the Puritans demanding that their 12 days be returned to them.

Bearing the lesson of history in mind, we shall refrain from wiring Congress to give us back our calendar Wednesdays. It wouldn't do any good. They've never done anything about those other 12 days.

1. **FEDERALISM AS A DEMOCRATIC PROCESS.** *Essays by Roscoe Pound, Charles H. McIlwain, and Roy F. Nichols, $1.25*
2. **AMERICAN PSYCHOLOGY BEFORE WILLIAM JAMES,** *by Jay Wharton Fay, $2.50*

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RUTGERS UNIVERSITY PRESS
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Seeing Things

TOPSY-TURVY

NO doubt the Greeks miscounted. Nine Muses? No. Surely there were only eight. Clio must have been Thalia's nickname. Either this, or the Comic Muse and History's Custodian were one and the same, and that body housed the first schizophrenic.

Otherwise comedy would be one thing, history another, and those responsible for each of them would keep them apart. Men's sense of the absurd would be fully developed; their memories longer than they are. History, when made, would remain as serious as was the making of it. It would not elect to toboggan so disconcertingly as it now does from the sublime to the ridiculous.

Its muse would refuse to hide behind a laughing mask. Instead of proving giddy, giggling, and irreverent, she would not mock men's lack of humor by demonstrating the savage strength of her own. Nor would she dart away from the sobriety of great events to steal into an amusement park and ride upon the loop-the-loop.

* * *

Five years ago I thought I had caught history completing as neat and foolish a circle on this loop-the-loop as was possible for her to do. It was when, in a Boston paper, my startled eyes encountered a squib announcing that the Daughters of the American Revolution would celebrate the Fourth of July in Boston (of all places) by holding a tea party (of all things) for Bundles for Britain (of all causes).

Of recent weeks history seems to have been outdoing herself on this self-same loop-the-loop. There is the news from Europe, for example. I mean the reports that General Eisenhower has had to insist that American soldiers, who only a few months back were fighting German men, cannot now marry German girls. To the ironically minded, the need for such an order is bound to seem both humorous and sad.

Even more unexpected was a news item from the Pacific. It announced quite calmly, as if it were the most natural thing in the world, that an American GI baseball team would tour Japan by air next month, meeting various Japanese clubs. "Admission fees, if any," it added, again without so much as the suggestion of a gasp of astonishment, "will be turned over to war sufferers in Japan."

As if this were not enough, last week came the announcement that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" had been barred, not in Scottsboro or in any Southern town, but in Harriet Beecher Stowe's own Connecticut—first in Bridgeport, then in New Haven. Why? According to a headline in the *Herald Tribune,* which best summarized the situation's irony, because the play was "anti-Negro."

For me, at least, a certain irony lurked in the mere fact that I first read the story in the *Herald Tribune.* I could not help remembering what a writer for the *Herald* had said about "Uncle Tom's Cabin" when it was performed in New York ninety-three years ago. The version was not the famous George L. Aiken one which was to make "Tom" show history; it was C. W. Taylor's adaptation. The version, however, in this case does not matter; the writer's reactions do. The gentleman from the *Herald* was as horrified as the piece he wrote horrifies us today. Had he been Simon Legree, he could not have hated the play more. He described it as a "firebrand of the most dangerous character to the peace of the whole country."

> The institution of Southern slavery [he wrote] is recognized and protected by the federal constitution, upon which this Union was established, and which holds it together. But for the compromises on the slavery question, we should have no constitution and no Union—and would, perhaps, have been at this day, in the condition of the South American republics, divided into several military despotisms, constantly warring with each other, and each within itself. The Fugitive Slave law only carries out one of the plain provisions of the constitution. When a Southern slave escapes to us, we are in honor bound to return him to his master.
>
> And yet, here in this city—which owes its wealth, population, power, and prosperity, to the Union and the constitution, and this same institution of slavery, to a greater degree than any other city in the Union—here we have nightly represented, at a popular theatre, the most exaggerated enormities of Southern slavery, playing directly into the hands of the abolitionists and abolition kidnappers of slaves, and doing their work for them. What will our Southern friends think of all our professions of respect for their delicate social institution of slavery, when they find that even our amusements are overdrawn caricatures exhibiting our hatred against it and against them? Is this consistent with good faith, or honor, or the every day obligations of hospitality? No, it is not. It is a sad blunder; for when our stage shall become the deliberate agent in the cause of abolitionism, with the sanction of the public, and their approbation, the peace and harmony of this Union will soon be ended.

The anger and alarm felt by the *Herald's* writer were, of course, the perfect tribute to the power possessed by "Uncle Tom's Cabin." No book championing the Negro's cause has equalled it in the effects it produced. It used both the theatre and the novel "as a weapon," long before the Communists were to start talking about the stage in these terms. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was the atomic bomb of its day. When it exploded, slavery was obsolete. It opened more eyes and touched more hearts than any corrective work yet written on the subject.

One would have thought that, if any book merited the gratitude of those interested in racial equality, Mrs. Stowe's classic would have been that volume. It may not have been *the* cause of the Civil War, as Lincoln once said it was. But it was *one* of its major causes, since it blocked the Fugitive Slave Law.

Whatever her defects as a novelist may have been, Mrs. Stowe was as fierce an enemy of slavery as the globe has known. The publication of her book was a world event. Van Wyck Brooks suggests the drama of its impact when he tells us that it appeared in thirty-seven languages. That three Paris newspapers published it at once. That Macaulay, Heine, and George Sand reviewed it. That Uncle Tom's Cabins rose all over Europe as restaurants, creameries, and bazaars. That it sent Heine back to his Bible. That in far-off Russia it made such an impression on Tolstoy that, when he came to write "What Is Art?," he took it as an example of the highest type, with Dostoievsky's "House of the Dead," and much of Victor Hugo. "In all the history of the printed book," says Mr. Brooks, "the Bible alone had appeared in so many versions." Certainly no play has ever toured so constantly or been seen by so many millions. For years the sun never set on it.

No wonder it is surprising to have had Bridgeport and New Haven ban a new musical version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." In Bridgeport the ban, since lifted, was the result ot protests sent by CIO Negro groups, the Bridgeport Pastors' Association, and the Communist Party. The resolution unanimously adopted in support of interracial unity by the executive board of the Bridgeport Industrial Union Council finds history looping-the-loop ridiculously.

It objects to "Uncle Tom's Cabin"

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because it claims the play "refreshed memories that tend to portray only the weaknesses of a racial minority, and holds up to ridicule peoples who in the early days of our country were unfortunately subjected to exposures that today would be considered atrocious."

However well-meant such a protest may be, it does seem to be both misinformed and ill-advised. Certainly the Negro is not what he was when Mrs. Stowe wrote. Mrs. Stowe is one of those who must be thanked because he is not. Even in her work, it is the white man rather than the Negro who is the villain.

History cannot be changed by passing resolutions. There is something at once sinister and silly in trying to deny what has been. Slavery, however hideous, was an historic fact. The point of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," no less than the truth of slavery itself, is that it is the slave owner rather than the slave who had reason to be ashamed.

Booker T. Washington, who fought valiantly for the Negro's rise, called his autobiography "Up from Slavery." The important word both in that title and in the Negro's progress is the "Up," not the "Slavery."

In Russia today people do not try to hide the fact that their forebears were serfs. Instead, they point to serfdom as one of the abuses of a vanished past. If "Uncle Tom's Cabin" humiliates white men by upbraiding them with what they did, it should please the Negroes by reminding them of how far they have come. It should encourage them, too, by indicating that the whites also have come a long way. The play and the book should be looked upon as milestones in the progress of a proud race.

This thing of banning books just because they say what we do not want them to is a dangerous business. Book burning is more to the Nazi taste than our own. It is hardly the American way. It offers one of the surest avenues to ignorance and bigotry. If even the past is not to be allowed to speak honestly for itself, one wonders where freedom of speech comes in, for which men have so recently been dying.

The final word on the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" episode seems to me to have been said in the telegram sent by the American Civil Liberties Union to the mayor of Bridgeport, and signed by Roger Baldwin and Elmer Rice. "Censorship by such prohibitions creates precedents subject to the grossest abuses. To give in to one pressure group today invites surrender to a dozen tomorrow. The only safe course is to tolerate all themes with control solely in the courts for violations of law."

JOHN MASON BROWN.

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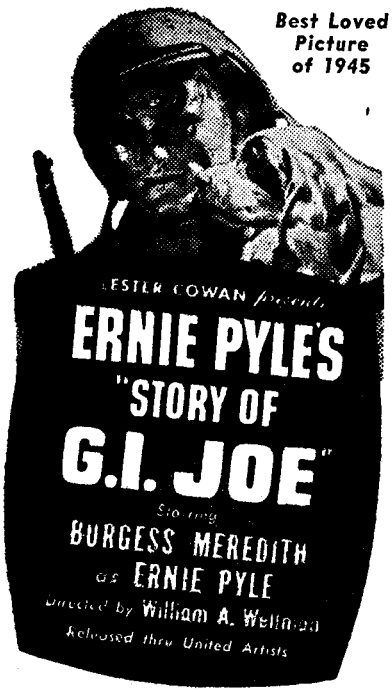
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Analyses and Arguments on War

ARMAMENT AND HISTORY. By Major General J. C. F. Fuller. Charles Scribner's Sons. New York: 1945. 207 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by FLETCHER PRATT

GENERAL FULLER used to be billed as the only Englishman for whom Adolf Hitler entertained a high enough regard to have him to dinner. This is not to accuse the General of being a Fascist, but to furnish some guide to the kind of thinking he does when, as here, he gets over on the border line of straight military technical discussion and indulges in philosophical-military speculations. In this case the conclusion he reaches is that the development of modern technology must inevitably drive the U.S. and Russia into a war for the domination of the world. (Let's see, didn't one of the Nazi generals on surrendering offer us his services for that war?) It is an interesting line of argument, which would be considerably more effective if a greater portion of what the General knows were true and if more of his narrative—which is a quick once-over-lightly on the whole history of human conflict—were directed toward the conclusion.

For there is no doubt that General Fuller is a military analyst of considerable ability. He was certainly one of the first men to recognize that the tank had restored mobility to war and that the real importance of Grant in the American Civil War was that he succeeded for the first time in applying the industrial resources of a nation to the battlefield. But when General Fuller gets past the rigorous analysis of specific facts his document shows precisely that mixture of truth, untruth, and half truth in support of sweeping general statements which is characteristic of Haushofer, Alfred Rosenberg, and Hitler.

Thus he sets down as an absolute that range of action is the most important power a weapon can have; and goes on to say that "today, because of all weapons the air-carried bomb possessed the superior range . . . it is the dominant weapon." The shade of Julius Caesar might have something to say about that range of action matter (the Romans pretty deliberately sought weapons of shorter range than any used by their opponents), and if the air bomb is the dominant weapon some millions of Russians soldiers will want to know how they came to win a war substantially without any bombing support.

Again—"blockade by sea is increasingly being replaced by blockade by air because aircraft are more mobile than ships." Well, it is true that the air arm has nicely aided the business of blockade, particularly when any question of search is involved. But the two attempts to conduct aerial blockades in the war just closed were rather conspicuous failures and if the plane is a great factor in blockade, it is not because of superior mobility but because it can be carried aboard a ship and acquire the vessel's long-range mobility in addition to its inherent power of rapid short-range movement.

The whole volume, in fact, consists of premises assumed as correct in order to support a conclusion already reached on grounds of personal preference; and if the conclusion is an unpalatable one, the reader may console himself with the fact that the structure beneath it is extremely weak.

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Autobiography with Acorns

THE EGG AND I. By Betty MacDonald. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1945. 277 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by GRACE FRANK

THOSE who have read this story in abbreviated and slightly bowdlerized form in *The Atlantic Monthly* will remember with delight its gay and humorous account of the author's life on a chicken farm in a remote northwestern corner of the Pacific Coast. But they will have missed some of its most amusing pages, those that explain Betty MacDonald herself.

The daughter of a mining engineer who would take his family without warning to places like Mexico City or Seattle, she was born in Boulder, Colorado. Her older sister, Mary, came into the world in Butte, Montana, her brother in Placerville, Idaho, and on the latter occasion her maternal grandfather wired the family, "I trust you won't feel called upon to have a child in every state in the Union." There were eventually five children, four of them with red hair, a fact that bothered the neighbors because neither parent betrayed its origin and they had never seen Father's beard. On Mother's side of the family, however, all was sweetness and conventionality, with the result that when Deargrandmother came to visit them from New York, she made their life a living hell. It was their father's mother, the erratic Gammy, whom the children loved. She wore certain important undergarments upside down, kept the contents of a village store in her bed, and gave them bitter "heart medicine" when they used bad words.

In high school and college Mary was very popular with the boys; she was called "Torchy, the girl who put the pep in pepper." But poor Betty wore braces on her teeth and got high grades; she also describes herself as having "a large, firm bust" just under her chin and "a large, firm stomach slightly lower down." Nevertheless, she married her Bob at eighteen and, utterly unprepared for a rugged life, went off with him to the isolated chicken farm which he loved and she mostly hated.

Bob never seemed to be lonely, he enjoyed all the hard work, he loved hens, Indians, and primitive neighbors, but then, of course, as Betty says, he wasn't pregnant. Betty had to wrestle with a stove even more erratic than Gammy, with gasoline lanterns, moonshiners, an outhouse, pigs, the absence of radio and telephone, bats, bears and cougars, drunken savages, and escaped lunatics, and eventually, just when 1,000 baby chicks entered and blighted her life, with a small daughter of her own. All the neighbors disapproved of her, of her inefficiency, her smoking, her unpreparedness for visitors at seven A.M., her treatment of the baby. The disapproval was reciprocated. And Bob, she says, "was never one to scold but he showed his disappointment in me by . . . thrusting himself into bed, to dream no doubt of the good old days of wife beating."

Although Betty regarded canning as a form of hoarding (you plant too much, you waste hours preserving it and then you have more than you can possibly eat), Bob seemed to go out of his way to figure out things for her to put into jars. It is when she is canning culled hens that God takes pity on her and the pressure cooker blows up. But, unfortunately, as she goes through the house humming a merry tune to herself and picking pieces of chicken off the picture frames, Bob settles down with the mail-order catalogue looking for a bigger and better pressure cooker.

Betty MacDonald "wore braces on her teeth and got high grades."

Anyone who has ever struggled with a farm or even with a small garden will especially enjoy this breezy autobiography. But everyone will find its hilarious reminiscences of an unconventional childhood and of unique experiences in the Northwest Pacific sprightly, diverting, and excellent entertainment. The whole book crackles with the innocent deviltry of acorns hitting the roof-tops.

Reportage in the American Idiom

WAKE OF GLORY. By Jack Redding and Thor Smith. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1945. 268 *pp.* $2.50.

JACK REDDING and Thor Smith, two colonels in the Army Air Corps who used to be newspapermen, have not only concocted an entertaining and exciting story, well seasoned with hot pilots, tense battles in the air, and a generous dose of sex, but they have also presented us with an accurate account, only slightly fictionalized, of life in a bombardment group of Flying Fortresses. By choosing as their protagonist a C.O. who gets off to a bad start with his team (he replaces an unusually popular leader and acts the West Point disciplinarian too early) they are able to take the reader through all the problems such a man has to face, from careless grease monkeys to visiting brass, from paper work to tactics, from nerves and despair over shows that go wrong to elation when the group at last learns to fight as a unit.

Douglas Bruce is determined to have a minimum of losses and "aborts" and does not want any rugged individualists in his outfit. With him we fly over Germany through flak belts and Focke-Wulfs; we suffer from bomb trouble and engine trouble; we lose men, ships, and sleep; we long to get drunk and forget. Mission succeeds mission, including the one for which we are all impatiently waiting, K-43 (Berlin), and the pace quickens until, in Eisenhower's words, we are bombing day and night without food or rest. The book ends with our briefing for D-Day and our dropping at dawn behind the German lines in Normandy.

Mixed up with Bruce's other troubles is his predecessor's girl. She is very beautiful, makes love with abandon, and though your Aunt Prudence would certainly disapprove of her, she knows how to comfort and strengthen a man in a charmingly uninhibited fashion. All the conversations, relationships, and minor incidents in the book have the uncensored masculinity of the real thing and are punctuated with plenty of good Yank humor. Indeed the authors' description of a week-end binge in London is heady enough to leave one with a hang-over.

Here then is none of the sensitivity, poetry, or penetrating philosophy of a Saint Exupéry or a Nevil Shute, no attempt at subtlety of style or characterization, but excellent, factual reportage in the American idiom and with trimmings sure to please everyone except Aunt Prudence.

G. F.

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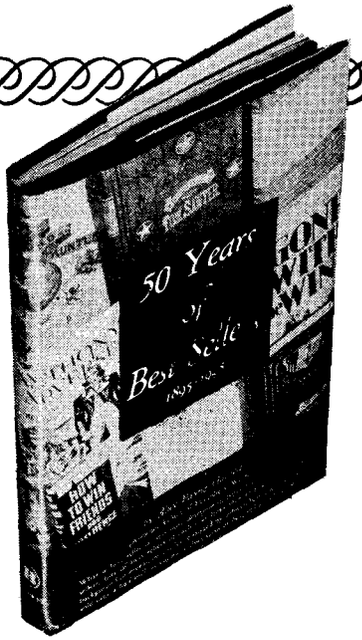

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Testament of a Vanishing Race

THE WESTERN ISLAND or The Great Blasket. By Robin Flower. New York: Oxford University Press. 1945. 138 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ANN F. WOLFE

THE great wave of Ireland's cultural revival is not yet spent. The far-flung fringe of its recession still traces the pattern of Irish tradition on many an alien shore. On Hollywood's synthetic strand, for example, it is not klieg lights but the ideals of the Abbey Theatre that illuminate the work of Barry Fitzgerald and Sara Allgood. And in remote parts of Ireland there are still unrecorded tales and rhymes to be heard over the open turf fire.

Since 1910 Robin Flower, Deputy Keeper of Manuscripts in the British Museum, has been interested in the rich oral tradition of the Great Blasket. This narrow, barren, high-cliffed island, only three and a half miles long, arises out of the Atlantic off the coast of County Kerry. A thousand years ago the marauding Danes, whose blood stirs restlessly in the Irish ancestry of so many of us, got a beachhead on this treeless rock and gave it its name. But they left it again to the lonely mercies of the ocean, for it had neither the gold nor the flocks nor the softer living of the mainland.

Today the hardy, Irish-speaking islanders form the westernmost community of Europe; "the next parish west" is America. There were 150 of them when Mr. Flower began to study their lore. There are fewer now. Soon there will be fewer—and they the old—to wrest a niggardly existence from bog and shallow soil and the tyrannical bounty of the sea. As Blasketman Tomás O. Crithin says, "It is a good thought of us to put down the songs and stories before they are lost from the world forever."

Tomás, poet and story-teller, "has a head full of tales and every one more wonderful than the last." He is the author's chief collaborator. (It was his autobiography that Mr. Flower translated as "The Islandman.") Around Tomás's tales and verse, and those of other Blasket folk, have been written the essays and poems that make up this nostalgic little book.

There is a tragic dignity and beauty to this last testament of a vanishing race. The fishermen and shepherds of Blasket love their mist-swirled slopes up which the patient donkeys climb with turf-laden baskets. They love the ocean that stretches mysteriously to the sunset and crashes back in savage fury to imprison them from the mainland. This love invests their simple communal life with the sense of an ancient past. For them the commonplace has overtones of "dreams more real than living men." Their talk and their folkways are shot through with far-off memories of the heroic figures of Irish sage—Cuchullin, Daire Donn, King of the World, Diarmuid, and the rest—of saints, fairies, druids, warrior chiefs, poets, wandering scholars, the Armada sailors wrecked on the Irish reefs, the hunted priests of the Elizabethan underground, the pre-Celtic builders of Blasket's sea-wall forts.

In gentle, Gaelicized prose Mr. Flower has set this all down, brightly companioned by the racial wit of the island. He once spoke to a Blasket woman of the natives' "fine gift of cursing." "If the curses came from the heart," she explained, "it would be a sin. But it is from the lips they come, and we use them only to give force to our speech, and they are a great relief to the heart." A tale was told of two Danes of long ago who preferred death to betrayal of their secret of making heather ale. "It was a great sin of them," put in a listener, "to take away the secret of so good a drink. For what good could it do them and they dead?"

"The Western Island" is out of this world—of the world, that is, that instantly vaporizes populations and cities out of existence. This Gaelic microcosm, where the burial of a new-born baby is a poignant and noble rite, cannot be on the earth that is wiring what the Editor of *The Saturday Review of Literature* has so memorably called "the switchboards of annihilation." On a planet that makes "ideology" a battle cry, the "bitter poor" of Blasket say "it was ordained that there should be rich and poor, and the rich cannot live without the poor, nor the poor without the rich." Could it be that in the tiny parish next east there is still the primal stuff of which society was made?

Intimations of Trouble

THE NORTH WIND OF LOVE. By Compton Mackenzie. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1945. 310 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by THEODORE M. PURDY

EVER since the days of "Sinister Street," Mr. Compton Mackenzie's facility and persuasiveness as a writer of fiction have been well known. So have his wide range of interests, his fondness for lost causes, and his love for remote and picturesque islands. The hero of his new novel, the Scots dramatist John Ogilvie, resembles Mr. Mackenzie in many ways. He talks a good book in this fifth instalment of the "Four Winds" saga.

The period this time is the thirties, full of dark intimations of trouble from Germany and Italy. There is little real action in the book. The offstage death of the hero's American wife and an abortive plot by members of a Scottish Nationalist secret society to carry off the Stone of Scone from Westminster Abbey provide the principal narrative elements. For the rest, the book is a long chain of loosely-related conversations on everything that comes into Mr. Mackenzie's head. His opinions and prejudices are neatly put before the reader through the mechanism of John Ogilvie and his friends, many of whom have already appeared in earlier volumes of the series.

The book starts off with a forty-page dialogue on one of the author's favorite subjects—home rule for Scotland. The discussion takes place in a small hotel on the west coast of Scotland, where John Ogilvie is overtaken by night while on his way to his new home in the Shiel Islands. From this conversation stems the plot to deprive the British of the Coronation Stone. Notes on daffodil breeding in Cornwall and a brief interlude in West 46th Street, New York, follow. Later Ogilvie indulges in a diatribe against M.I.5, the British Counter Intelligence Corps, then devotes considerable space to discussion of music and letters, and finally takes a trip to Poland with his friend Julius Stern, a Catholic Jew. This expedition gives him a chance to view the cauldron of European politics as it reaches the boiling point.

Meanwhile John is bringing up his little daughter Corinna according to an original system. Each year she spends reading about the events of a single century and viewing its works of art. When she is twelve, she lives in the thirteenth century, at thirteen in the fourteenth, and so on. The idea is ingenious, if perhaps a trifle impractical. The book ends with John and Corinna flying to Paris, where no doubt their education will be continued in the next volume.

All this does not make a model novel, but it does provide a certain amount of stimulating reading. Mr. Mackenzie is crotchety, full of unexplained antagonisms and enthusiams. His new book blends characters and atmosphere suggestive of the Forsytes with the world of Upton Sinclair's Lanny Budd books. The combination is odd, but it is not dull.

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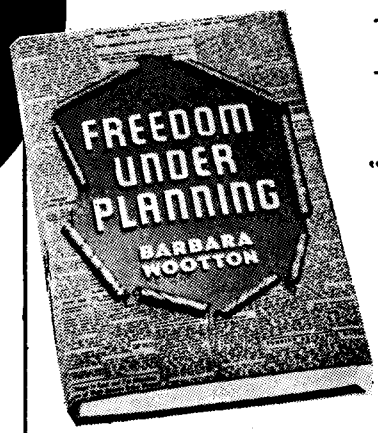

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A Tapestry of Family Life

FAMILY HISTORY. By Henry Seidel Canby. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1945. 111 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by STRUTHERS BURT

THIS is a curious and interesting small volume, also a deceptive one. At least, it was deceptive so far as I was concerned. I began it under the impression that it was another "Life with Father," or grandfather, or something of the kind, only to discover that Dr. Canby, being a singularly candid and truthful man, had in his title described exactly what he was about.

Literally, and no more, and no less, this is the history of the Canby family—the American branch—from its first discernible beginnings, somewhere around 1565, down to the present. It starts in the little town of Thorne, ten miles to the east of Doncaster in the West Riding of Yorkshire, and proceeds through one Thomas Canby, who in 1683, at the tender age of fifteen, accompanied his maternal uncle, Henry Baker, to the shores of the Delaware in one of the earlier of the Quaker immigrations. And from there it tells what has happened to the Canbys in their two hundred and sixty-two years of American residence. A residence functioning for the most part around Wilmington, Delaware, and southeastern Pennsylvania, and a residence distinguished by diligence, ample, if not extravagant, rewards, and composed eminence.

Henry Baker, like so many of the followers of Penn, must have been a man of some place and considerable means, as he arrived with his wife, four daughters, two sons, and seven servants. Among the last, bonded as an apprentice for five years, was the nephew, Thomas Canby.

Families, however, do not live to themselves. With quiet or, in some cases, riotous persistence, they take unto themselves brides and bridegrooms, each with totally different inheritance, and so, in order to describe the Canby family, Dr. Canby finds himself compelled to describe any number of other families as well. The Welsh Olivers. The English Tatnalls and Leas and Shipleys. The German Deshlers and Wisters. The French Huguenot Ferées and Le Fêvres. And so on at length. Pretty soon there begins to emerge the heavily-threaded, many-textured, colorful tapestry of the average American family of long standing.

To begin with, then, this slender volume is a valuable and interesting domestic historical document. A sort of reverse, upside-down history which describes the material, the personalities, out of which public events and ordinary history are made. Even at that, however, in any other hands but those of someone like Dr. Canby, it could be very dull, as most genealogical inquiries are. It is not dull. Dr. Canby has far too curious, and lively, and entertaining a mind for that. A scholar who at an early age, or perhaps by nature, arrived at the conclusion that the truth, however shining, when locked within the airless academic breast, goes out like a light, he selects the essential and arresting. The pursuit of the Canbys up this by-path and that takes on all the atmosphere of a detective story. You meet all sorts of people, doing all sorts of things. But most important of all, Dr. Canby cannot help but be philosophic either by implication or statement. Like all writers of consequence, but unlike most scholars, a fact devoid of its inevitable aura and consequences is to him no fact at all.

He is, for instance, preoccupied as to why he, Henry Seidel Canby, is what he is, and looks as he does. And he is equally interested as to why his sons are what they are, and look as they do, which is largely different from Henry Seidel Canby. A rumination which must at times have overtaken all thoughtful fathers. For example, I am five feet six and, before my hair turned gray, was what can best be described as a mouse-colored brunette. My son is over six feet tall and a pronounced blond.

Dr. Canby's conclusions on this and similar matters are tentative and, he admits, without any possible scientific basis. But there you are. And there you always will be, right in the middle of the immense and breathless mystery of descent and posterity; the endless comingling of the lives and blood of countless men and women. In a partially arrested moment of time a something, an individual, is produced

unlike anything which has gone before, or will ever happen again. And this point at the end of a gigantic convergence will, if it follows the natural course of events, produce an amplitude whose shadows and boundaries are beyond discernement.

One has the vision of two huge triangles, superimposed, their apexes touching, and, at the exact point of contact, you. Or I. Or, in this particular instance, Dr. Canby. And at their first point of central standing every other living man or woman. A sobering thought, and a dignified one. A thought that should make all men and women humble, and dignified, and alert, and responsible. We carry so much the burden and the discipline and knowledge of the past; the immediacy of the present; the care of the future. We are so clearly trustees.

And so as with all family histories, if well done, and this, incidentally, is also the secret and importance of the novel, Dr. Canby's family history has an aura, has implications, far beyond what any man can actually say or set down in print. It all depends upon your imagination. You are dealing with the furthest reaches of time and space and transmutation. "Out of the cradle endlessly rocking." The continuance of sound upon the ether. The incredible variations of the musical scale. The fundamental myriad modulations of rhythm. The magic, never-ceasing waves of a stone thrown into water. That is what every family is, and every individual. And at the heart of this mystery, the most gigantic and important known to man, sits the deepest spiritual and factual implications of all.

Dr. Canby doesn't as yet know it, and I didn't know it until I read his book, but in reading I discovered what I might have guessed in the beginning. I am distantly related to Dr. Canby, and so, but by quite other strains, is my wife. There is nothing startling about this. The biologists tell us, although we are too stupid to take it in, that at the most remote all of us are sixteenth cousins irrespective of race, creed, color, or residence. To suggest that Dr. Canby, not to mention my wife and myself, are related to every other American, a hundred and thirty-five millions of them, is just to talk about our nearest of kin. What the Virginians call "kissing cousinship." It's when you leave America that you enter a larger field. At all events, it's rather a knock in the jaw to the arrogant, the prejudiced, the intolerant, and the ignorant, isn't it? You begin to understand what is meant by the statement that we are all members one of another.

You may not like your family, lots of people don't, but you can't very well

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consider yourself a creature of different clay.

Think that over the next time you have an impulse to swell up like a toad.

I wish I could disentangle myself from the alluring series of implications provoked by Dr. Canby's book. This review is too long already. But I cannot end without one further note.

You wouldn't think Dr. Canby a pirate, would you? Not if you knew him. He is scholarly, demure, gentle, and eminently courteous. A former professor at Yale. But to judge from that part of England from whence the Canbys came, and from other interior evidence, there is little doubt that Dr. Canby's first ancestor to land on the shores of the blessed isle was some huge, long-haired, pillaging, death-dealing Viking, whose gentler moments were occupied by drinking mead from the skulls of slain enemies. Practically all the inhabitants of Yorkshire, Lincolnshire, Norfolk, and the fen-country are the descendants of Scandinavians.

So what?

Well, outside of the fascination of the note in itself there is again a huge implication.

You must never say a man is hopeless, either in himself or his descendants. You don't know. Even if he is a pirate, his great-great-great, and so on, grandson may emerge as an editor of *The Saturday Review.*

Airmen's Exploits

WINGS ACROSS THE WORLD. The Story of the Air Transport Command. By Hugh B. Cave. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1945. 176 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by DAVID L. COHN

"WINGS Across the World" is described on the book jacket as "The Story of the Air Transport Command," but the title encompasses more territory than the book itself. Mr. Cave does tell a number of interesting stories about the ATC, but he falls far short of telling the story of this extraordinary war-born organization, leaving us merely with a collection of airmen's exploits, disparate facts, and photographs.

As one who has recently travelled around most of the world in ATC planes, I should regret that anyone might think that this book is the magnificent story of its audacity, imagination, organization, and high technical competence through which it rapidly became an instrumentality without parallel just as it is without precedent in the flying annals of man. Mr. Cave has put down only a small part of the story in an earnest but sketchy book. The rest awaits the telling.

Courtesy of Metropolitan Museum of Art

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HARPER

Russia and the National Pride

THE RUSSIAN STORY. By Nicholas Mikhailov. New York: Sheridan House, Inc. 1945. 184 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by EDMUND STEVENS

ANYONE not familiar with the declamatory and pamphleteering style often employed today in Russia by writers on historic subjects, and with their eagerness to extract parallels with a political moral, would have tough going making head or tail of this book by a Soviet geographer and historian. The author's indulgence in the superlative, the breathtaking sweep of his generalizations, his exultant solidarity with the nation he describes, ill accord with the detached objectivity Americans have been trained to expect from historians.

No less disconcerting by Western standards is the author's disregard for time sequence, his habit of skipping back and forth over the stairs of history at breakneck speed, sometimes sliding down the banisters. The book begins and ends with the recent war, but in between the reader is jerked suddenly from Prince Alexander Nevsky in the thirteenth century to Peter the Great in the eighteenth, and then, after a flying leap to the time of the Bolshevik Revolution he is plunged back to eleventh-century Kiev.

Again, with equal suddenness, the author interrupts his history to embark on a mentally jet-propelled travelogue, that carries him in a few sentences from the banks of the Dnieper to the snows of Siberia, via the hot sands of Turkestan. The absence of continuity is further accented by running newsreel accounts of the recent war, set in different type and interlarded every few pages.

Despite this rather hectic, and, to the American reader, impermissible disregard for the canons of composition, and the historic method, Mikhailov's book is illuminating as an expression of the Russians' new-found pride in their national past. It also contains facts, which, though the reader must rearrange them for himself to restore the historic sequence, are both interesting and instructive when no better source material is available.

By far the best chapter in the book is that dealing with Russian scientific, artistic, and literary achievement—things which the Russians lump together as "culture." The record is impressive and fully refutes any assertion that the Russians are primitive or backward.

The book in general seems like a rather hasty compilation of articles and observations jotted down at random and gathered under one cover without sufficient effort at unity, coherence, or thought as to American reading habits.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
FOUR PAST FOUR *Roy Vickers* (Jefferson House: $2.)	Husband of famous English actress slain in country house. Segrove of Scotland Yard and visiting American scientist solve it.	Capably handled tale, with well distributed red-herrings, amiable characters, and not-unforeseen ending with neat twist.	Passable
DARK PROPHECY *Marjorie Alan* (M. S. Mill: $2.)	Hostess at English house-party fatally stabbed. Girl guest suspected but detective Ferris straightens it all out.	Extremely well-bred affair with super-courteous sleuth and sleek cast of characters—especially the ladies. Nice puzzle, howsomever.	Pretty good
PORT OF SEVEN STRANGERS *Kathleen Moore Knight* (Crime Club: $2.)	Resort hotel in Vera Cruz, Mexico, scene of sundry murders and attempts. F.B.I. man and American flyer do the sleuthing.	Plentiful action, attractive heroine, interesting background, relentless slayers, and whirlwind finish.	Good going!
BRING THE BRIDE A SHROUD *D. B. Olsen* (Crime Club: $2.)	G-I with three fiancees gets mixed up in mass-murder. Prof. Pennyfeather extricates him.	Slightly wacky yarn with great deal of exciting if confusing action and payoff that packs surprise.	Fair

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By Mendelssohn

FELIX MENDELSSOHN'S LETTERS. Edited by G. Selden-Goth. New York: Pantheon Press. 1945. 365 *pp.* $4.50.

Reviewed by PAUL HENRY LANG

IN the eighteen thirties and forties Mendelssohn was the highest European authority in the musical world, whose every act caused immediate response in the musical capitals. This frail-looking, engaging man was not only a great composer, an accomplished pianist, organist, and conductor, a water colorist of no mean talent, but a man of exceptionally rounded humanistic education, equally at home in classical philology and modern literatures. This intellectual trait is dominant in his compositions too. There is a certain sureness of shaping and forming which reminds one of Mozart, but the lucidity of form and texture, the impeccable order of things especially in his large symphonic constructions is not so much the result of the inspiration of mood and passion as with Mozart or Goethe, but the work of a precise mind, the sobriety of which is always on guard against untoward emotional freedom. The predominance of conscious constructive forces over the unconscious sources of creation is what sets aside Mendelssohn from the other romanticists and he should be regarded as the first great master of the classicistic romanticists, that peculiar offshoot of Romanticism which reached its culminating point in Brahms.

In this connection Mendelssohn's influence on Schumann and Brahms was decisive, but the purely romantic miniature art of this lovable composer, his songs, choruses, and piano lyricism, his feathery scherzos, as well as his uniquely appropriate incidental music to Shakespeare or Aeschylus, the evocative overtures which paved the way for the symphonic poem of the next generation, made him one of the great masters of music, and one of the founders of German romantic music, whose influence was universal and inescapable.

Mendelssohn's letters, written from his many travels, make uncommonly interesting reading and not a few of them can be ranged among the gems of nineteenth-century epistolary literature. The anthology compiled and edited by Mrs. Selden-Goth is therefore most welcome to all students of the romantic era. It is regrettable that the present volume is still a selection only, like the previous and dated Victorian translations, but the selections are judicious, well arranged, and in many instances fill in the gaps so badly felt in the translations of Lady Wallace and Lady MacFarren.

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Clues from the CRIME CLUB

WE didn't know it at the time, but it was a red-letter day for the Crime Club when the mailman, about ten years ago—and with no outward show of excitement—placed a manuscript on our desk called *Death Blew Out the Match.* It was the first mystery KATHLEEN MOORE KNIGHT ever submitted to us and it became not only a Crime Club Selection and an immediate favorite; it marked the beginning of a decade of thrillers—sixteen stories from a well of versatility that has happily never run dry. And we don't use the term lightly or even broadly. "Versatility" describes MISS KNIGHT'S talents the way twinkle describes a star.

Her feeling for the New England scene where she lives—while poised for flight to more exotic settings—gave us the homespun and unforgettable Elisha Macomber who stalked his prey in *The Tainted Token* and *Death Came Dancing* as far south as the isthmus of Panama. Then came Margot Blair, public relations woman and a charmer, who trailed her clues in several mysteries from Broadway to Mexico and recouped a glittering fortune, in spite of a bad hunch, in *Design in Diamonds,* one of MISS KNIGHT'S greatest successes.

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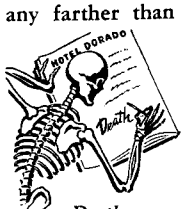

Death checked in with the seven strangers . . .

In **THE PORT OF SEVEN STRANGERS,** Crime Club Selection for October, MISS KNIGHT "free lances" in her choice of detectives. But she hews to her own exacting and exciting line in the matter of plot, characterization, and atmosphere.

Her latest mystery novel (and sixteenth Crime Club Selection) concerns seven strangers who made the resort hotel at Vera Cruz their port of call—until some of the guests began "checking out"—without ever leaving the premises.

The Gunman

Europe Before World Deluge I

LETTERS OF RAINER MARIA RILKE. 1892-1910. *Translated by Jane Bannard Greene and M. D. Herter Norton. New York: W. W. Norton.* 1945. 364 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by THEODORE M. PURDY

THIS brilliant and rewarding collection of letters reflects admirably the world of art and literature as it flourished in Europe before the deluge of 1914. Rilke's correspondence often resulted in descriptive set-pieces or critical essays rather than in mere communication with his wife and friends. Consequently the collection—the second one of Rilke's letters to be published in English—should be considered both as an integral part of the Austrian poet's work and as documentation for the times.

The letters cover the whole period of Rilke's youth, extending through the long working phase spent in Paris from 1907 to 1909, when he completed "Malte Laurids Brigge" and again began to travel. Here, in greater detail than elsewhere, is the "lack-luster story" of his frustrated childhood and of the fruitless years spent in a military school. Early letters reveal the deep influence of certain women friends, all older than the poet. Among them were the eccentric Vally David-Rhonfeld, the feminist Ellen Key, and Nietzsche's Russian friend Lou Andreas-Salomé, who remained Rilke's counsellor for many years.

Then comes his singularly fortunate marriage and the beginning of the impression-packed correspondence with Clara Rilke. The poet and his sculptress wife lived apart (by choice) most of the time after their honeymoon year at the North German artist colony of Worpswede. Yet they were spiritually and mentally well suited, and as a result the letters are extraordinarily rich and sensitive. Rilke tells his wife of his endless peregrinations from one gloomy castle and country house and *pension* to another in Russia, Scandinavia, Germany, France, and Italy. He describes his overwhelming first contacts with the art of Rodin and Cézanne. (There is also an interesting series of letters to Rodin, for whom Rilke worked as disciple-secretary.)

—From the drawing by C. J. Naar

Rainer Maria Rilke's letters to his wife "are extraordinarily rich and sensitive"

Many other letters are addressed to the patronesses of the always needy poet. The names of these ladies read like a small-time "Almanach de Gotha," redolent of the minor courts of Mitteleuropa. Countess Mary Gneisenau, Gudrun Baroness Uexkull, Marietta Baroness von Nordeck zur Rabenau, Countess Manon zu Solms-Laubach—like Villon's *dames du temps jadis,* where are you now?

For the non-specialist, the primary value of the book will be as a picture of the times in which Rilke lived. In the early part of this century it was still possible to be a European, without fear of political entanglements. It was still possible to *know* that there were realizable goals of beauty in art and literature. It was still an age of positive values, even to Rilke, whose nature was discerning, critical, negative, and only intermittently creative. Since then how many factors, political and otherwise, have combined to anarchize our esthetics. But perhaps the European writers of the future will be closer to Rilke than to the socially-conscious propagandists and the deliberate escapists of the period between wars. Already there are signs in France that this is true. In any case, here is a clear cultural radiograph of Europe forty years ago, provided by one of the few poets of that day who is still valid for us.

The translation and notes, considering the legendary complexities of Rilke's manner and the wide range of subjects covered, are more than adequate.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 601)

OLIVER LA FARGE:
RAW MATERIAL

Their character sticks out all over them today. I know of no visual image which more perfectly expresses the inner qualities of a free people than the sight of a Navajo woman walking, her queenly carriage and her free stride.

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The Symbols Behind the Bridge

THE BRIDGE. By Stanley Burnshaw. New York: The Dryden Press. 1945. 126 *pp.* $2.25.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

I DO not like my own invention of "poem-play" to describe Mr. Burnshaw's "The Bridge"; but I like it better than the old appellation of "poetic drama." Poetic drama suggests not only closet drama, but the word "poetic" suggests something pretty-pretty. Poetry, as Mr. Archibald MacLeish in our own time long ago pointed out, is no such thing at all. It is of many varieties; a manner of rhythmic description and speech, for one thing, more accentually rhythmic than prose. In this play Mr. Burnshaw has believed that the distinction between prose and verse "is only a technical one," that "a play in verse ought to be written in living speech, and not all fussed up with decorative imagery unless it is part of the matter in hand," and so on. That is good enough. But what Mr. Burnshaw has attempted to do is to write a symbolical play; and, whether in prose, verse, or any combination of both, that is about the toughest assignment a playwright can undertake.

I am no playwright. I should think, however, from the point of view of what is loosely known as "theatre," that Mr. Burnshaw's play is too much a play of speeches, and too little a play of action. I'm afraid I do not find that his characters usually talk in "living speech," that is, as people actually talk. In his introduction to this play, which discusses the modern theatre, Mr. John Gassner inveighs, however, against the "verbal stultification" of our time, and declares that a character in such a drama as this should "speak as he would speak if he could express himself adequately." Certainly no one believes (not that this is introduced for an instant as a standard of comparison!) that Shakespeare's characters would actually have talked the way they did. In any period people have not usually talked in blank verse! There is no reason why, in the theatre, we should not be brought to accept the convention of people talking in a heightened way. In fact, in purely prose plays they often do; and O'Neill and Maxwell Anderson have written many and many speeches that no human being would ordinarily make. Mr. Burnshaw had every right to try, in writing a play of symbols, to make a blend of actual talk and highly expressive and significant language. If he had always done this successfully, there would be no point in my criticism. But I do not think he has always succeeded; though I think the attempt was gallant.

The play concerns itself with idealists of several kinds. First there are the Materialists; Socialists, Communists, what you will—they are not so labelled, and they represent merely a certain attitude toward life—who are building a strip of land, on locked foundations under the sea, to reach across that sea of time into the future. And then gradually another character begins to dominate the play, a young man who believes in a bridge, rather than a strip of land; in other words believes that a spiritual force is needed to cross to the future, along with the work of men's brains and hands. You have, indeed, three approaches to a future worthwhile (1.) The Graves group which believes economic struggle to be the only way, (2.) the Skinner group (I'll come to him) who thinks some ingenious plan can be devised to make life worth living, (3.) the Carver group—the young man above—which holds that we can never get to the future unless we start to *become* the future now.

Dumond, "a gentleman," and Haines his bodyguard, represent the forces of capitalistic and industrial selfishness, greed, and cynicism. Una, a young woman—whom I found extremely irritating in her priggishness—represents the creative force in life and actually becomes the symbol of the bridgehead. Skinner, the engineer-technician, who tried to build an airplane that would fly to the Future and so save everybody the long tedium of building either a Strip or a Bridge, and who represents science in the pay of capitalism—(as nearly as I could make out)—I liked quite a lot, thought had pretty good sense, particularly in his scene with Una in Act III; and it seemed to me that his lack of success was too much forced upon him by "author's convenience." Insofar as his argument goes that the man of science must be a lone worker; that, of course, has recently been blown into bits by the success of coöperative science in devising the atomic bomb and the radio shell.

The play develops, and attempts to resolve, the clash between the three groups cited over the road to the future. The rising vision from the future, at the end of the play, seemed to me well-managed, and that it might be an impressive scene upon the stage. I did not, on the other hand, think that Una taking off her clothes at the end of Act Two (after so much had been said of Strippers, in quite another sense) could be effective. A sym-

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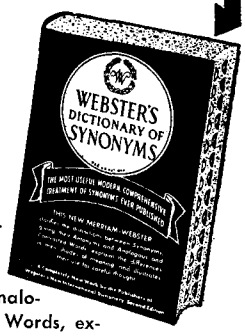

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bolical play seems to me the hardest thing in the world to write, without awkward situations creeping in.

But Mr. Burnshaw is a serious artist, and a poet often eloquent. I think it a pity that the force of powerful private greed, which is a reality in our time, and nothing to take lightly, should usually be represented as the cartoonist represents it, by characters that are almost caricature. But when individuals are more than individuals in a play, and represent *forces,* they must necessarily carry less conviction as people. In the crucial scene between Una and Skinner, the author has tried to tell the reader that that fault is intrinsic in the material. Whether it "gets over" to an audience will depend on the play's production.

The fact that woman gestates man and is creation's center, so far as the animal world is concerned, develops the symbol of the Bridge, once racial issues are put aside. But only because she is proof of faith in a better future. The Bridge symbol itself is, as Carver explains, the *becoming of* the Future *now.*

I found the play stimulating. I dare say I have not got from it more than a tithe of what the playwright intended. In any event, I wish more plays of this kind could be tried out on our stage. Along with Louis Untermeyer and Alfred Kreymborg, three well-known directors of university dramatics, including the famous Carolina Playmakers, have given this one their hearty endorsement.

Pictorial Americana

ALBUM OF AMERICAN HISTORY. Volume II. Illustrations, 1783-1853. *James Truslow Adams, Editor-in-Chief. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.* 1945. 418 *pp.* $7.50.

Reviewed by ROGER BUTTERFIELD

THIS second volume of the "Album of American History," which covers the period from the end of the Revolution in 1783 to the first American World's Fair in 1853, may be described very briefly—the pictures are numerous, authentic, and extremely interesting; the arrangement, page layouts, captions, and connecting text material are amazingly uninspired and thoroughly disappointing.

It is too bad that this is so, for this volume is unquestionably the richest collection of pictorial Americana that it is possible to get between covers at a moderate price. Dr. Adams and his associates have been content to present all this fascinating material as a kind of scrapbook, with a great many small pictures pasted together in an order which is roughly chronological, but without any real connecting theme or sense.

Thus we find pictures of Faneuil Hall and an adjustable candlestick table from the Metropolitan Museum of Art thrown together on the same two-page spread with a whale oil lamp and a pair of ladies slippers. Or a miniature painting of Dr. Benjamin Rush and a modern photograph of a mosquito, placed side by side to make a point about yellow fever, but without telling us what the point is. Or, to take another kind of example, we get a very entertaining collection of pictures of early railroad trains, but when we go to read the captions we find this, "*Above* we see the *Tom Thumb* (on Aug. 28, 1830) racing with a fast horse—and beating it; but unfortunately something happened a few minutes later." There is plenty of white space left to tell us what happened, but we shall have to go, perhaps, to Dr. Adams's six-volume "Dictionary of American History" if we want to find out.

Perhaps this kind of criticism seems petty or trivial, but the fact is that the use of pictures to tell history has made great strides in recent years, as shown in the pages of *Life* and in such excellent books as Stefan Lorant's "Lincoln: His Life in Photographs." The editors of the "Album" seem determined to ignore all such advances in pictorial technique, and to turn out a series which, so far as appearance and story-telling power are concerned, is no better than an

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 120

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer to No. 120 *will be found in the next issue.*

APEZ UPSZF YDG GZTPEQCZF,

IMYQIZ UPSZF YDG AGQZXWF.

—TP KQEQZ.

—RPJDZF WZTQTTZ.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 119

BY LABOR WISDOM GIVES POIGNANCY TO PLEASURE, AND BY PLEASURE SHE RESTORES VIGOR TO LABOR.

—TELEMACHUS.
—FRANCOIS FÉNELON.

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illustrated encyclopedia of the 1840's.

For this and other reasons the book fails to convey any vivid impression of the great personalities, the political cross-currents, emotions, ideals, hatreds, crusades, or events which made American history during the period. It is as though Dr. Adams had announced that he was writing a book for us and had then given us a volume of old newspaper clippings.

But the pictures themselves are wonderful. They could hardly help but be, for this is the period when the graphic arts had their greatest outpouring in America — when painters, engravers, print-makers, lithographers, daguerrotypists, and the first photographers were telling the story of America in a flood of pictures. It is the period when the first newspaper woodcuts of fires and murders were published in Bennett's *Herald,* when Wilkes was starting the New York *Police Gazette,* and Ballou in Boston was publishing his *Pictorial Drawing Room Companion,* which was the true forerunner of *Harper's, Leslie's,* and the other great picture weeklies. Dr. Adams has given us a generous sampling of this material.

And he has earned our lasting gratitude by giving us so much original material by artists who really lived in and saw America. Here, for instance, are several pages of the pencil sketches of Charles A. LeSequer, a Frenchman who went down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers in small boats in the 1820's. These twenty-odd drawings of life on the big rivers and along their shores have a freshness and authenticity which no written report of the time could possibly possess. Here too are some of George Catlin's original drawings of the Indians of the Great Plains, and quaint pages from Lewis Miller's fifty-year sketchbook of life in York, Pennsylvania. The book, in fact, is literally crammed with good pictures and, with all its faults, it is one that no lover of American history, life, or manners will want to be without.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. "Barbara Frietchie," by John Greenleaf Whittier. 2. "The Lady of Shalott," by Alfred Tennyson. 3. Melisande, in "Pelleas et Melisande," by Maurice Maeterlinck. 4. Juliet, in "Romeo and Juliet," by William Shakespeare. 5. Vera Sappleton, in "The Open Window," by Saki. 6. "Dracula," by Bram Stoker. 7. "Peter Pan," by James M. Barrie. 8. "Enoch Arden," by Alfred Tennyson. 9. Denis Moore, in "Anthony Adverse," by Hervey Allen. 10. Dolohov, in "War and Peace," by Leo Tolstoy.

Anthology for the Small-Boat Sailor

DOWN THE HATCH: An Anthology of Yachting Yarns, edited and with a foreword by Eric Devine. New York: Sheridan House. 1945. 251 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by OLIVER HARRISON

THERE is a specialized literature written by and for amateur sailors, a much better word for this web-footed tribe than yachtsmen, which connotes, somehow, staterooms, sanded decks, stewards, and guests in immaculate white pants. The magazines that serve them and from which most of Mr. Devine's selections have been taken are sea-going affairs, *Yachting, Motor Boat,* and *Rudder.* It is a curious fact that the audience for them and for this anthology are men who are addicted to a hobby which more rational members of this atomic age must regard with suspicion and distaste. And especially logical women who do not like to get their feet wet or lie in the stuffy, damp, and careening cabin of a small sailboat which can roll along at four knots an hour into a head wind and sea. It remains the most hazardous and foolish way to get anywhere that can be conceived of today. But as Mr. Devine, who has sailed with the writer of this review on many a summer cruise, might point out, it remains about the last refuge for men and girls who enjoy wet feet, who like adventure, and who love the sea. It is the last perfect escape from heat and motor roads and noise and boredom. Its very uncertainty lends it charm, since the small boat sailor does not always know when he is going to get to his destination, or whether he will ever get there; in a fog he usually cannot tell you just where he is at any particular time.

The writers of this anthology are all practised sailors and almost any one of them could take you to Maine or Bermuda and probably get you there right side up. Some of them, like Thurber and Lardner, are amusing themselves at the expense of this ancient sport. But others in the list write as well or better than professionals, simply because they have a perverted affection and enthusiasm for what they are doing; for example, L. Francis Herreshoff's story about the man who built himself a boat and in the process almost lost his wife, or Alfred F. Loomis's "Disgraced Again and Again." It is a good collection by a man who knows small boats and the joys and pains of cruising the Sound and the Atlantic coast.

"But the old woman
of Bruges
is a round bowl,
lifted up to be brimmed
with the pure wine.
And the Mysteries
of the Rosary
concern familiar things
known in her own life."

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By CARYLL HOUSELANDER

Author of *This War is the Passion* and *Reed of God*

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the Phoenix Nest

GLOUCESTER SCHOONER

WE were bathing from the granite
when we saw her out on the blue
In the heat haze of September, hung
between sea and sky,
White as the burgomaster gull to the
fulmar or the mew,
Her hull that seemed of vapor and
her lily sails on high.

Of the first of such from Gloucester,
'twas the word, "See how she
scoons!"
Cried Captain Andrew the builder,
"Then a scooner let her be!"
Two hundred years ago that was! Her
jibs made demilunes.
Aft to her main-gaff topsail she
queened it over the sea.

She hovered and hove a phantom, and
glimmered into the gray
Like the ghost of all Man's dreaming
ere the End of the World was
found.
Hardly she seemed in motion, barely
to gather way.
Where was her port or venture, bound
for what trawling ground?

Only it seemed great beauty, ancient
before our time,
That man could wed to nature when
his heart and hand were one,
Paused like an apparition, in peace
beyond my rhyme,
And, white as pearl on the sealine,
ethereally was gone.

* * *

A man there was, I remember, might well be given the *Order of the Phoenix* by this *Nest*. Earle Walbridge writes me about him as follows:

> Henry Longan Stuart's novel, "Weeping Cross," it seems, was reissued by the Dial Press in 1933 (I happened on a copy the other day). Michael Williams contributed a Foreword, in which he said of Stuart that "Gallant, and witty, and generous, his Irish blood and birth, his name, his romantic, roaming life, his very appearance—lean and keen and subtle—suggested the image of one of those poet-soldiers of fortune of the Wild Geese, who were driven over the world by the winds of exile out of Ireland. He was in art as in life, a man of quality, a man of style, a democratic aristocrat." Of the novel, he says quite rightly that "its evocation of the atmosphere and conditions of colonial life in New England and New York is almost magical." And his peroration is still timely: "The times are now more propitious for the wider recognition of Stuart's fine and virile and subtle and highly dramatic novel than when it first appeared [in 1908]. The acute pressure of the terror and mystery and the beauty of human life which the world war and the chaos of society since the war have exerted on humanity, are preparing readers for the literature which deals with such themes as 'Weeping Cross,' in such a high mood of spiritual realism as marks the creative work of Henry Longan Stuart." The novel is probably out of print once more; if so, I wish the Readers Club would give it another lease of life.

* * *

Now that Elmer Davis's OWI is being dissolved—and credit should go to it for fine work in time of war, despite a barrage of criticism—does anyone remember that just about twenty-one years ago, on October 25, 1924, to be exact, an issue of *Collier's: The National Weekly* carried an article, "On the Wings of the Army: A Three-Thousand Mile Jaunt via the Cloud Route from New York to Texas," by Elmer Davis? The same issue featured, by the way, "The Adventure of The Three Garridebs," a Sherlock Holmes story by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, illustrated by John Richard Flanagan, to be succeeded by "The Adventure of the Illustrious Client," which appeared in the issue of November 8. But to return to Elmer. He speaks in the beginning of the fact that between New York and San Antonio there is not much variety in the scenery "not much, that is, on the large-scale view which opens to an observer half a mile up in the air." A note for builders and architects is that, when the Borough of Queens is seen from the air, it is "ten miles of white houses, relieved by red or green roofs but otherwise one unbroken mass of whiteness except for the dull red spot, already receding in the distance, which marks the uniform brick of Forest Hills." Washington, D. C., he found a red city by contrast (in 1924). Dallas was white and St. Louis red. I wonder if that is all changed today? The Red River, "unlike the blue Danube," lived up to its name. But Detroit's River Rouge was as black as the Chicago River. He says the ground plan of most cities in this country is—or was then—that of a wheel, "with the downtown skyscraper district thrusting up suddenly where the hub ought to be." Four days flying then separated New York from San Antonio. The Army service did not operate at night. He found that in America the cities took up amazingly little of the area of widely extended country. The pilot flew by map and compass, railroad lines and roads. Davis travelled in a De Haviland two-seater. "The De Haviland is a good old truck horse. It is heavy; it is slow. It lands at a speed of some sixty miles an hour, and being a heavy ship it lands hard." Toward the end of the article: "Some day, it is hoped, there will be a well-organized and profitable commercial aviation industry in the United States which can cash in on the pioneer work that the Army and the air-mail service have been doing in what virtually amounts to building roads in the air." It is valuable to look back to articles such as this, of nearly a quarter of a century ago. For I am old enough to remember that time as though it were not long ago at all, even though to the youngsters I encounter it seems the Dark Ages. What with the atomic bomb and the speed at which we are now moving, I suppose *five* years is going to be a sufficient period hereafter in which to outdate anything current!

SUMMER NIGHT IN THE DESERT

A ferment in the desert lily's heart,
And nectar is no longer innocent,
But changed by Nature's most ironic
art
To that whereto enchanted dreams
are lent.
The sun is down; the ant's unceasing
toil
Wavers . . . the lily's chalice is alive
With eager, thirsting children of the
soil,
Who up the lily's stem intently strive.

Antennae waving, they partake of
bliss,
Reeling with most unantlike ecstasy:
Are they held up to human view for
this?
Should I, though sluggard, emulator
be
Of doings that so shockingly unhinge
Ant-morals in this hymenopterous
binge?

EDNA KINGSLEY WALLACE.

* * *

Last January 29, 1945 was the centenary of an important event in the history of poetry in the United States. All those who go to the corner of Nassau and Ann Streets, in New York City, will there see a bronze tablet which explains. The tablet reads:

UPON THIS SITE 1844-1845
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OCCUPIED A DESK IN THE EDITORIAL OFFICE OF N. P. WILLIS'S
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THE RAVEN
FROM THIS OFFICE HE SENT THAT POEM TO THE AMERICAN WHIG REVIEW IN WHICH IT APPEARED IN ITS ISSUE FOR FEBRUARY 1845.
PREVIOUSLY, HOWEVER, THAT REVISW SOLD ADVANCE SHEETS OF THE POEM TO THE MIRROR, WHICH FIRST PRINTED THE POEM IN THE
NEW YORK EVENING MIRROR WEDNESDAY JANUARY TWENTY NINTH, AND AGAIN IN ITS WEEKLY ISSUE SATURDAY FEBRUARY EIGHTH 1845
THUS TWICE ANTICIPATING ITS ISSUE IN THE AMERICAN WHIG REVIEW

TO COMMEMORATE THESE EVENTS
IN THE LITERARY HISTORY OF AMERICA
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MCMXXIV

When you turn away from the tablet, you can stroll along Ann Street and look in at the old Ann Street Book Store founded by Isaac Mendoza and carried on by his sons. They have always been some of *The Saturday Review's* best and most high-valued of friends. WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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(Continued on next page)

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(*Continued from page 42*)

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The Crostics Club

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

ANOTHER librarian addicted to DC's is Edith L. Miller, retired, New York City, but at the time of writing a summer guest at Cragsmoor Inn, N. Y., in charge of the "wee" library of the place, as a "labor of love." She enjoyed the work, as she said that their collection of books is unusual and it was fun to know most of the people who use the library. Miss Miller particularly likes my definitions. I have said more than once that as a rule the definitions are not mine but chosen from the reference books I use. However, in a DC with which you'll soon be confronted you'll find a six-letter word defined merely as a "country in Europe," and an eight-letter one, as "a European capital." As you can think at once of five countries in Europe to which that six-letter word might apply, I advise you to fill it in *after* you get some clues through the quotation, to avoid balling up your puzzle!

Here comes Cecil Carnes of Los Angeles begging me not to include in the quotation words that make solving the Acrostic too easy, referring especially to Dr. Johnson, DC 596. Then, too, after she got *JOH* she knew it must be Johnson. But why shouldn't it have been John, the Christian name of some other author? Some of you, like Harry T. Stock, Boston, who does his DC's for relaxation on long train rides in the interests of his religious educational work, are glad for clues that require no reference books; and these puzzlers I must take into account as well as Louise S. Hallock, West Englewood, N. J., who thus takes us to task:

I seized the Crostic, pencil, comfy chair,
And hoped to spend long lingering hours there,—
Alas! with 40 minutes' energy
I finished Crostic No. 593.
Now seven long days must wax, wane, and pass o'er
Before I tackle No. 594.
Please, won't you make them just a little stronger
So I can make them last a little longer?

Several, from time to time, have either sent me photos or told me of corners furnished with reference books for DCing comfort. Just before I left Hanover Mrs. Meservey showed me a combination table and bookshelf that Professor Merservey had built with various gadgets for raising and lowering for her convenience in working DC's from the *SRL* or from the books.

Another nature poet and essayist I've just discovered in a special collection in the Baker Memorial Library here in memory of Edward Thomas, English poet whose life was cut short at the Battle of Arras in 1916. Led from his work to his life I read of him with mingled feelings, but emerged with a great admiration for his wife.

DOUBLE-CROSTICS: No. 602

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 36 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Side-delivery hayrakes.

B. Compelling attention.

C. Nova Scotia seaport captured by Wolfe under Amherst (1758).

D. American physicist (1901-); inventor of the cyclotron; Nobel prize, 1939.

E. Tragedy by Euripides based on a Greek myth.

F. Grief for sin arising from imperfect motives (Theol.)

G. Jumble; hodgepodge.

H. A sepoy (F.)

I. To be wholly discomfited (3 wds.)

J. A means of opening a way (2 wds.)

K. To moderate; slacken (2 wds.)

L. Principal actor in burlesque interlude in "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

M. Avoiding by artifice.

N. A large sect of Japanese Buddhism whose worship is mainly directed toward Amita.

O. Not embellished (as, the truth).

P. British poet and playwright (1652-1715; poet laureate, 1692; full name).

Q. The Creator is cognizant of (2 wds.)

R. Novel—and movie from it—by English author (1900-).

S. Exhibits strong feeling (Jocose).

T. A vessel whose kind of work was abolished by the Declaration of Paris, April 16, 1856.

U. Those who make much or overmuch of the sense of the beautiful (Var.)

V. To join closely, as in bonds of faith.

W. Tenure of lands in England, now abolished, held at the will of the lord and according to the custom of the manor.

X. Ousts (Law).

WORDS

174 103 169 136 75 149 190 92 22 65

171 112 117 66 147 3 135 90 23

170 78 54 154 118 98 131 83 176

161 52 126 100 31 85 35 9

59 102 42

187 53 109 88 68 150 175 143 1

97 138 57 46 10 122 106 156

120 127 19 178 144 159

132 87 157 17 155 129 81 180 146 177 77

183 179 67 151 48 34 26 73 58 105 188 113 99

6 74 11 70 119 107 166

160 21 94 172 33 40

36 69 2 191 121 86 27

142 165 76 44 152 158 134

168 148 16 116 50 184 108 62 140 186 28

64 15 30 4 91 12 41 60 47

139 89 133 153 96 29

137 25 167 128 14 189 55 82 163 145 93

164 185 181 123 51 95

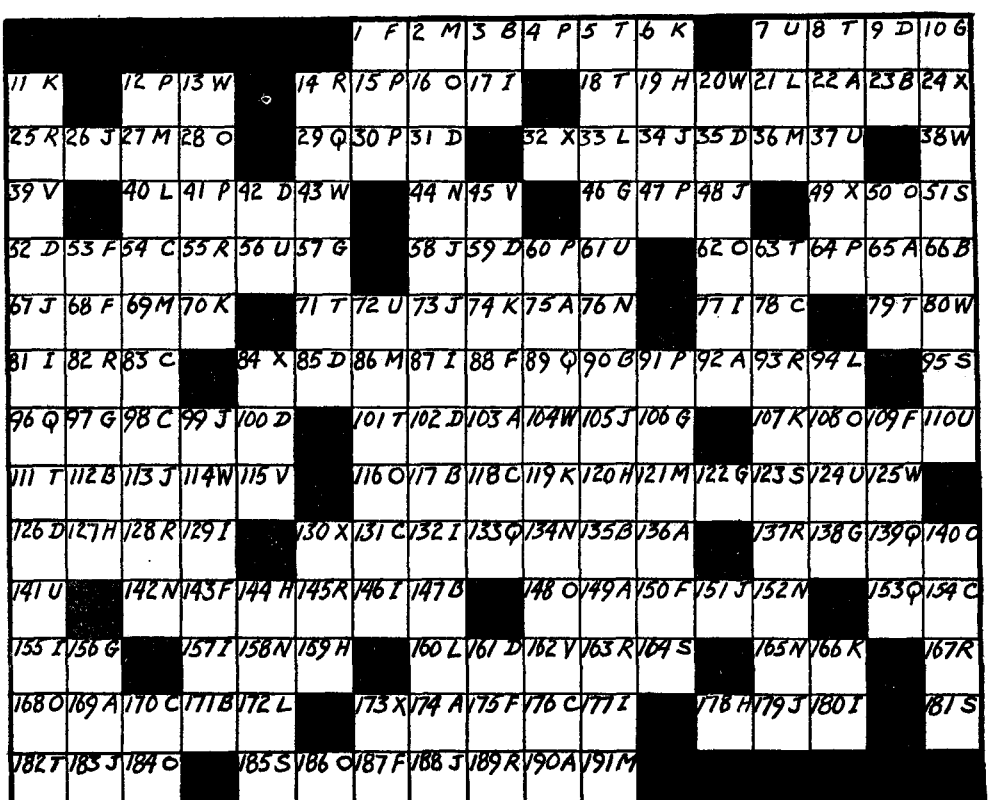
182 71 111 101 18 79 8 63 5

124 37 110 61 56 141 72 7

162 39 45 115

104 13 20 43 80 38 114 125

84 32 24 49 173 130



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Then in succession head of the Chinese Delegation for International Cooperation and Cultural Relations to the League of Nations, Chinese delegate to the Institute of Intellectual Cooperation of the League, founder and president of Wochefee University with faculties in China, France, Belgium, Switzerland, and the United States, President of the National Academy of Sciences and Arts at Peiping, Professor Li became a very busy man indeed.

But these offices indicate only a fraction of his vast activities. For the last twenty-five years Professor Li's major interest has been the founding of a World University and a World Encyclopedia that would be a major force in international education, international friendship and understanding.

AND here is where Professor Li touched our business as encyclopedia publishers. Having won acclaim but no action from the League of Nations on his pet projects, he founded the World Encyclopedia Institute, the publications of which have all previously been in the Chinese language.

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